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A CRITICISM *upon* VIRGIL.

Biſhop ATTERBURY *to Dr.* FREIND.

IN Hiſtory-Painting the particular Figures, we know, are often taken from the Life: And the Caſe, I doubt not, is the ſame with reſpect to many Characters in the ÆNEID, which were not drawn by the Poet at Random. The Manner in which *Virgil* repreſents theſe feigned Perſons, has ſomething in it that ſhews them to have been Copies from living Originals; and therefore, beautiful as theſe Images are, we loſe half their Beauty by not knowing who ſat for them.

Virgil ſeems particularly touched with the Charms of Friendſhip; and therefore has employ'd all his Art to illuſtrate it in the Perſons of *Euryalus* and *Niſus*; whom he introduces for that Purpoſe into two of his beſt *Epiſodes*, and dwells largely in both on the little Circumſtances of their Story. This he has not done with regard to any of the ſubaltern Characters of the *Æneid*, and we muſt ſuppoſe him therefore very fond of the Subject; eſpecially if conſidered as the moſt exact, reſerved, and judicious of Writers. Is it not natural to think, that in this and many other Caſes he has ſcatter'd thro' his Works, under feign'd Names, the true Reſemblances of ſome of his moſt intimate Friends; and endeavoured by that Means to give them a Share of the Immortality his Poem was to enjoy? Tho' by the Negligence and Stupidity of thoſe who made Comments upon him, and ſaid nothing of his ſecret Views, his Deſign has in great Meaſure miſcarried.

For Inſtance; Can any one read thoſe admirable Lines at the End of the ſecond *Epiſode* relating to thoſe two Friends,

Fortunati ambo! ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo,
Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile ſaxum
Accolet, imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

I ſay, can any one read theſe Lines without judging immediately that *Virgil* muſt have had two *Romans* in his Eye, when he wrote them, whoſe Character, Friendſhip, and Fate is deſcrib'd under that of *Euryalus* and *Niſus*? What elſe can juſtify ſo pathetick an Excurſion of the Poet in his own Name? *Si quid mea carmina*, &c. a Liberty not allow'd to epick Writers, and rarely taken by

 him

him in any other Part of his Work, except where he invokes the Muſe to aſſiſt him on ſome extraordinary Occaſion. Nor wou'd it perhaps have been altogether excuſable here, had not known Perſons, and a real Event been ſhadowed under this poetical Fiction.

That *Auguſtus* ſat for the Character of *Æneas*, is agreed by the Commentators; even by thoſe of them that are leaſt attentive to ſuch Obſervations. And indeed what *Horace* and *Virgil* himſelf ſay on this Head puts it out of Doubt. *Virgil*, in the Introduction to his *third Georgick*, added probably after he had form'd the Plan of the *Æneid*, intimates his Deſign in theſe Verſes.

> Mox tamen ardentes accingar dicere pugnas
> Cæſaris, & nomen famâ tot ferre per annos
> Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar.

which implies that the Battles, and other famous Exploits of *Auguſtus* ſhou'd be deliver'd down to Poſterity, in the reſembling Circumſtances of *Æneas*. *Horace* ſpeaks yet more plainly to the Point, where he writes to *Auguſtus* himſelf, and gives him an Advantage over the *Macedonian* Hero in this Reſpect, that *Alexander*'s outward Lineaments only had been taken by the exquiſite Artiſts of his Time, whereas the very Mind and Manners of *Auguſtus* had been deſcrib'd by *Virgil* and *Varius*. He mentions their Names, and then adds,

> Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna,
> Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
> Clarorum apparent.———

Varius had done this in his Panegyrick on *Auguſtus*, now loſt; and *Virgil* can only be ſuppos'd to have done it in the Character and Actions of *Æneas*.

As the Hero of *Virgil* was certainly intended to expreſs *Auguſtus* (of which many Proofs, if neceſſary, might be given) ſo divers Characters in his Poem were doubtleſs deſign'd, as I have ſaid, for particular Perſons, well known at the Time when *Virgil* wrote. Such I ſuppoſe the Character of *Iapis* in the *twelfth Æneid* to have been; and *Antonius Muſa*, the Phyſician of *Auguſtus*, to be repreſented by it. He was of the Court and Retinue of that Prince, and attended his Perſon, as *Iapis* attends *Æneas*, in his Campaigns and Voyages. He was very intimate with *Virgil* and *Horace*, as appears from an Epigram addreſs'd to him by the former, ſtill remaining among the *Catalecta*; and by what the latter ſays of him in one of his Epiſtles. Both of them had infirm Conſtitutions; one we know was under *Muſa*'s Care on that Account, and ſo we may juſtly believe was the other. It is no wonder therefore if *Virgil*, the moſt grateful of Men to his Friends and Benefactors, ſhould have been willing to do Honour to his Memory, by finding a Place for him in his Poem. He ſeems to have wounded *Æneas* on purpoſe to introduce *Iapis* for that Cure, which, after ſome Thoughts ſpent on the Reaſonableneſs of this Incident, as he has plac'd it, is the beſt Account I can give of it. For it is certainly employ'd when one wou'd have leaſt expected it, when the *Æneid* haſtens towards a Cloſe; when the two Armies are engaged for the laſt Time and with the greateſt Fury; and when the ſingle Fight between *Æneas* and *Turnus* is juſt coming on, by which the whole is to be determin'd. The Action then grown hot, and at its height, cools and ſtands perfectly ſtill, while *Iapis* is performing the Cure of *Æneas*. At ſuch a Time, and at ſuch an Exigence, the friendly Deſign of the Poet to immortalize the Phyſician, is perhaps the beſt Account we can give of his Conduct.

Indeed, *Muſa* deſerved to be thus honoured by the Pen of *Virgil*; For he was eminent in his Faculty beyond all his Contemporaries, as *Iapis*

pis is said to have been, *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*. He recovered *Augustus* from a dangerous Illness, and was so dear to the People of *Rome* upon that Account, that a publick Statue was erected to his Honour. *Iapis* in the like Manner heals *Æneas*; and it may be observ'd (if that Remark be not too minute) that both the Cures were perform'd by Bathing. The Statue of *Iapis* was wanting to compleat the Parallel; *Virgil* has added it, by giving us such a noble Likeness of him as will out-last Brass or Marble.

For certainly the Character of *Iapis* here displayed, is one of the most moral, beautiful and perfect in its Kind, of any that is to be met with in the whole *Æneid*. It is painted according to the Distinction made by the *Italians*, as to the Works of their great Masters, not only *con diligenza*, or *con studio*, but *con amore*. There is a Fondness of Expression (if I may be allow'd that Phrase) used by *Virgil*, in tracing and heightening the several Parts of it; so that it must have been a favourite Piece; and upon examining it throughout, one cannot help thinking that he had some Friend of the Faculty present to his Mind, while he was drawing it.

'Tis for the Sake of such another, that I shall enlarge my Reflections on this Head, and in the Course of them shall have him often in my View, as *Virgil* has *Musa*, without naming him.

Æneas just ready to engage *Turnus*, is wounded by an Arrow from an unknown Hand, and obliged to retire from the Field of Battle to his Tent, supported by *Mnestheus* and *Achates*.

The Words of *Virgil* on the Occasion of this Wound receiv'd, are very remarkable.

Ecce! viro stridens alis elapsa sagitta est
Incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta;
Quis tantam Rutulis laudem casusne, deusne,
Attulerit: pressa est insignis gloria facti,
Nec sese Æneæ jactavit vulnere quisquam.

Why all this Variety of Expression, to tell us that it was not known from what Hand the Wound came? Nothing is more common than such a Circumstance in a Battle: He lays, one wou'd think, more Weight on this Particular than it deserves. But he intends it by way of Contrast to what is to follow, where he will not only mention him that healed the Wound, but gives us also a particular Account of his Talents, and Character. And it will heighten the Praises he gives to the one, that he passes over the other altogether in Silence.

I shall recite the whole Passage relating to *Iapis*, as it is in the Poem, and then suggest some Reflections upon it. Some of these may perhaps be new even to those who are well acquainted with *Virgil*; and few of them, I believe, will be found either in his antient or modern Commentators.

Jamque aderat Phœbo ante alios dilectus Iapis
Iasides; acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipse suas artes, sua munera lætus Apollo
Augurium, citharamq; dedit, celeresq; sagittas.

How recommendable and beautiful an Idea has *Virgil* here given us of this Physician? He reckons up the four * Arts in which *Apollo* was supposed to excel, which were under his

* *Horace* trac'd the Steps of *Virgil* in his *Carmen Seculare*, where he enumerates in one Stanza these four Attributes of *Apollo*.

Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camœnis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis Artus.

These Words are good, but do not, I think, rise up to the Beauty and Force of *Virgil*'s Expression.

his peculiar Patronage, and which he diſtributed as he pleas'd to his Votaries and Favourites. In three of theſe he tells us *Iapis* when young had made conſiderable Advances; but neglecting the Study of them purſued only the fourth, the Skill of Medicine, that by the Means of it he might protract the Life of an aged Father, then labouring under ſome great Infirmity, whoſe Name *Virgil* therefore records together with that of the Son — *Iapis Iaſides.*

Of all the Motives that cou'd determine a Man to the Study of Phyſick, preferably to the other Arts and Sciences, ſurely the worthieſt and beſt is that of filial Piety. 'Tis what diſtinguiſhes the Character even of the Hero of the *Æneid*, and was a remarkable Part of *Virgil*'s own, as appears from ſome Verſes he compos'd at the Time of his Flight from *Mantua*; wherein his Father accompanied him, and of whoſe Danger he there ſpeaks with all imaginable Concern and Tenderneſs. It was natural therefore for him to adorn his Friend with a Quality which he himſelf priz'd and poſſeſs'd; and perhaps if we knew *Muſa*'s Story, we ſhou'd find there was ſomething in it parallel, even in this Reſpect, to what is here ſaid of *Iapis.*

His determining himſelf to be a Phyſician upon the laudable Motive before mentioned, is ſtill farther recommended to us by this heightning Circumſtance, that he poſſeſs'd the other Arts in Perfection, and exercis'd 'em with Skill and Succeſs. Thus much, I think, is ſtrongly implied in thoſe more emphatical Words,

— Acri quondam cui captus amore
Ipſe ſuas artes, &c.

A The Gifts of the Gods to thoſe they favour and love, are always to be ſuppos'd perfect, and not made by halves; *Iapis* therefore muſt have excell'd in thoſe Arts, which he renounc'd for the Study of Phyſick. And theſe Arts were all ſuch, as the *Romans* B had in high Eſteem. The College of *Augurs* and the Library of *Apollo* in the *Vatican* ſufficiently prov'd the *two* firſt; and the *third*, expreſs'd by *Sagitæ*, means the *Peritia jaculandi* in general, includes the Uſe of the Javelin or Dart, as well as the Bow, C and was one of thoſe military Exerciſes, in which the *Romans*, whoſe Empire was owing to their Arms, excelled.

Divination, Poetry, and Soldiery were all honourable and advantageous to thoſe that profeſs'd them; and D yet *Iapis*, intent upon recovering his Father, quits them all for a Profeſſion which was not then in high Repute, and made no great Figure and Noiſe in the World, except what it borrow'd ſometimes from the Character and Perfections of ſome excellent Perſon, who happen'd to practiſe E it.

— Uſumque medendi
Maluit, & mutas agitare inglorius artes.

We are not to wonder that *Virgil*

preſſion. There is a ſecond Inſtance in the ſame Ode, wherein *Horace* imitates another celebrated Paſſage of *Virgil*, and falls equally ſhort of it.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Says the one,

Imperet bellante prior jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

Says the other.

It cannot be doubted upon the Compariſon, whether the firſt of theſe be not ſaid with incomparably more Dignity and Grace than the latter. And ſo it muſt happen to any Man (even to *Horace* himſelf) that ventures to ſay the ſame Thing that *Virgil* did, after a different Manner. Let me add, that the Deſign of *Horace* in this Paſſage to imitate *Virgil*, decides the Diſpute that has been raiſed, about a various Reading of *Impetet* for *Imperet*, which plainly refers to the *Imperio* of *Virgil*.

rewards

rewards this pious Concern of *Iapis* for the Life of his Father, by lengthening his own: He ſtiles him *Senior* in one Place, and *Longævus*, in another. He makes him on this Account dearer to the God of Medicine than the reſt of the Tribe; and advances him to be prime Phyſician to the Founder of the *Roman* Empire, and Author of the Race of *Iulus*: The good Qualities and great Talents of *Iapis*, have by *Virgil*'s Means a Recompence which is proportion'd to his Merit, and the juſt Conſequence of it. Were the prime Phyſicians of Princes always preferr'd with as much Juſtice, perhaps many of thoſe Princes would ſit longer on their Thrones than they do, and reach the Years of *Æneas* and *Auguſtus*.

It may be obſerv'd how ſhort, and yet juſt and full, an Account, *Virgil* here gives us of the Extent of Phyſick and Chirurgery, as then jointly exercis'd. He makes them to conſiſt in the Knowledge of the Power of Simples, and in great Uſe and Experience.

Scire poteſtates herbarum, uſumque medendi.

The one relates to the Theory of the Art, the other to the Practice. Without the latter he inſinuates the former can be of no Service; and for this Reaſon alſo may be ſuppos'd to have aſcrib'd Longevity to *Iapis*. The *Materia Medica* conſiſting chiefly in *Botany*, might be acquir'd in early Years; but Age and long Uſe were requiſite to mellow and ripen the Phyſician to the Art of Healing. There are no uſeleſs Words, we ſee, in *Virgil*; all he ſays is full of good Senſe, and will afford us wiſe Reflections, if we have but the Skill and Patience to unfold them.

I ſhall not be thought tedious, I hope, if I ſuppoſe alſo *Virgil*'s Meaning in this Paſſage to have been, to intimate to us, that Art and Induſtry, however neceſſary in Phyſick, are not ſufficient, without an happy Genius or Diſpoſition of Nature, which particularly fits Men for that Profeſſion, and which ſeems born with them, and deriv'd immediately from the Deity. 'Twas by the particular Favour of *Apollo* that *Iapis* excell'd. If he had not been *Phœbo ante alios dilectus*, he had never riſen to the Height of his Faculty. The Son of *Syrach* has ſaid the ſame Thing with greater Authority. "Honour a Phyſician (ſays he) with "the Honour due unto him, for the "Lord hath created him. Of the "Moſt High cometh Healing, and "he hath given Men Skill, that he "might be honour'd in his marvel-"lous Works." It may be thought indecent thus to mix what is Sacred with what is Profane, but I cite the Author of *Eccleſiaſticus* on this Occaſion, merely as a wiſe Obſerver of Men and Things, without regard to his Character on other Accounts; and as ſuch, perhaps, I ſhall take Leave to cite him again, before I end theſe Papers.

When *Iapis* goes to work, we find the Methods employed by him to have been a Bath of Herbs, and the Uſe of the *Forceps*. In one of theſe *Virgil* includes the Remedies; in the other the Inſtruments of Surgery. And he particularly more than once takes Notice of the *Manus Medica*.

——Multa manu medica trepidat.
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta.
——Neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat.

Or that Dexterity in hand'ling the Part affected, which is look'd upon as one of the beſt and happieſt Qualifications of thoſe that are employ'd on thoſe Occaſions. He ſeems alſo to imply that the Practitioners of that Time had a peculiar and becoming Dreſs, by which they were diſtinguiſh'd, and which was tuck'd up, or thrown back, but not laid aſide, at the Time when they performed ſuch Opperations. At leaſt ſuch an

Habit is by *Virgil* provided for *Iapis*; and by that Means ſome Addition, as it were, is made to the Gravity of his Character.

——————Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu.

Unleſs we will ſay, that this Circumſtance was intended to expreſs the extraordinary Diligence of *Iapis*, in dreſſing his Maſter, without loſing any Time even by laying aſide his Garment. I ſhou'd have thought ſo indeed, if the Words, *Pæonium in morem*, did not ſeem to refer to ſomewhat Cuſtomary.

Virgil has otherwiſe taken Care to expreſs the Diligence of *Iapis* in attending *Æneas*, and his Sollicitude in performing the Cure. The firſt Words by which he introduces him are, *Jamque aderat*, &c. He is at the Tent we ſee, almoſt as ſoon as *Æneas* himſelf, nor does it appear that he was ſo much as ſent for on this Occaſion. The Rumor of the Maſter's Wound ſoon reach'd the faithful and vigilant Servant, and immediately we find him on the Spot. This is not always the Caſe of thoſe that excel in the Faculty; but, whenever it is, gives a particular Luſtre to their Character.

The Care and Anxiety of *Iapis* in the Operation, and his turning himſelf every where to give *Æneas* Relief, are thus, in the moſt lively and emphatical Manner, ſet out.

——————Ille retorto
Pæonium in morem ſenior ſuccinctus amictu
Multa manu medica, Phœbiq; potentibus herbis
Nequicquam trepidat, nequicquam ſpicula dextrâ
Sollicitat, prenſatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
Nulla viam fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo
Subvenit —— ——

Several Methods of this Art, which he employ'd, are particularly expreſs'd, and 'tis intimated that he employ'd all, tho' none ſucceeded. Nevertheleſs he deſiſts not, nor is diſcourag'd; but continues his Applications, till Divine Power comes to his Aſſiſtance, and bleſſes his honeſt and ſkilful, tho' hitherto fruitleſs, Endeavours.

Hic Venus indigno nati concuſſa dolore,
Dictamnum genitrix Cretæa carpit ab Ida,
Puberibus caulem foliis, & flore comantem
Purpureo: non illa feris incognita capris
Gramina, cum tergo volucres hæſere ſagittæ.

The Moral I wou'd ſuppoſe couch'd under this Part of the Relation, is, That where human Art fails, divine Aid begins; whenever the Cauſe, and the Perſon juſtify ſuch an Interpoſition. And it is intimated alſo to us, that the Gods ſometimes give extraordinary Succeſs to the Preſcriptions of a good Phyſician, who is at the ſame Time a good Man. So that it is wiſe in us, when we want the Aſſiſtance of the Faculty, to make uſe of thoſe in it who are of that Character. It is plain that *Iapis* rely'd not only upon his own Skill, but had ſecretly invoked the God of Medicine while he was buſied in the Cure. The Words, *Nihil auctor Apollo ſubvenit*, ſufficiently imply it.

This Method of Practice wou'd now perhaps be thought a little ſingular, nor was it then, I ſuppoſe, very common; ſince the eldeſt and moſt famous Profeſſor of the Art, *Hippocrates*, is obſerv'd thro' all his Works to have mention'd the τὸ θεῖον but once, and even then it is diſputed by his Commentators, whether the Phraſe has any Relation to the Deity. However, *Virgil*, we ſee, was not aſhamed to join theſe two Qualifications together, the Uſe of Remedies, and a Dependence on the Gods for Succeſs; and he has done it not here only, but in other Places of his Poem; particularly where he mentions *Hippolitus* as brought to Life by the Favour of *Diana* and the Skill of *Æſculapius*.

Pœoniis revocatum herbis, & amore Dianæ.

Will it be indecent, after this, if I once more cite the Son of *Syrach*'s Authority to the ſame Purpoſe? "There is, ſays he, a Time "when in the Hand of the Phyſi-

"cian

"cian there is good Succeſs; for he "ſhall (not only preſcribe, but) pray "unto the Lord that he wou'd proſ- "per what he gives for Eaſe and "Remedy, to prolong Life." This, it ſeems, was a Notion that prevail'd amongſt *Jews* and *Heathens*, as to the Practice of Phyſick. Wou'd it be any Diſgrace to us, if it were countenanc'd a little among *Chriſtians*? But theſe Reflections are perhaps too ſerious; I paſs on to thoſe that may be thought leſs exceptionable.

After *Venus* had ſecretly made the Infuſion,

Fovit ea vulnus lymphâ longævus Iapis
Ignorans ——

Tho' *Virgil* repreſents *Iapis* as knowing and experienced in his Art, he thinks not that he leſſens his Character by imputing Ignorance to him in the preſent Caſe. Divine Aſſiſtances are unſeen, and unfelt at the Time they are communicated. They appear only by the Effect, which, when it happen'd, we ſhall find *Iapis* to be the firſt who perceiv'd and owned it. It is no Reproach to his Skill that he did not himſelf light on this Remedy, and apply it. How ſhou'd he? when two of the Ingredients were ſuch as a God only at that Inſtant cou'd furniſh; the Juice of Ambroſia, and the *Dictamnum*, or Dittany, that grew on that Mountain, and on that Mountain only? It ſeems the Virtue of that Herb conſiſted in applying it green, and in the Flower, *Puberibus foliis & flore comantem Purpureo*, in like Manner as the wild Goats of *Creté* made uſe of it. *Iapis* therefore cou'd not poſſibly be Maſter of it, without the Help of ſome Divinity. Every Way *Virgil* takes Care that the confeſs'd Ignorance of the Phyſician ſhou'd be no Blemiſh to him here, as we find that his own ready Acknowledgment of it afterwards does him great Honour.

Upon *Iapis*'s continuing to bath the Part after the Infuſion, the Cure is perform'd in an Inſtant.

—ſubitoque omnis de corpore fugit
Quippe dolor, omnis ſtetit imo in vulnere ſanguis,
Jamque ſecuta manum, nullo cogente, ſagitta
Excidit. ——

Three different Symptoms of this Cure are, in three Verſes, diſtinctly expreſs'd: The Pain *Æneas* felt vaniſh'd at once; the Blood ceaſed to guſh from his Wound; and the Arrow itſelf dropt eaſily out of it. It is obſervable how theſe ſeveral Effects are adapted to the ſeveral Ingredients that were thrown into the Bath by *Venus*. The Dittany looſes the Arrow; the Plant he calls *Panacea* removes the Pain; (for ſo the very Derivation of the Word implies) and the *Succus ſalubris ambroſiæ*, whatever that Juice was, help'd to ſtanch the Blood and cloſe the Wound, by its healing Qualities. So exactly has *Virgil* made the Cauſe and Effect, the Remedies and the Cure to correſpond with each other. The Iſſue of all is, after the Enumeration of theſe Symptoms, that *Æneas*'s Strength was immediately and intirely reſtor'd.

—— atq; novæ rediere in priſtina vires.

This Effect was too unuſual and ſudden to flow from a natural Cauſe, and therefore is added to ſhew that the Cure was miraculous. And ſo we ſhall ſee, *Iapis* underſtands and declares it to be, without the leaſt Heſitation. He had been hitherto ſilent, while the Operation was going forward; nor could he then have ſaid any Thing but what was diſcouraging. Now in a Rapture he cries out,

Arma citi properate viro, &c.

Arms and the Man who had now recover'd his Strength to wield them, are Terms ſuited to each other. They are thoſe by which *Virgil* opens his *Æneid*, and includes in them the whole Subject of it. He there uſes them in his own Perſon, and now when the Action draws to a Cloſe, he puts them again into the Mouth

Mouth of his favourite Phyſician, who thus proceeds:

——— Quid ſtatis? Iapis
Conclamat; primuſq; animos accendit in hoſtes.
Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtra
Proveniunt; neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat.
Major agit Deus, atq; opera ad majora remittit.

From theſe few Words, and this ſhort Account of his Behaviour, many Things may be obſerv'd to his Advantage; which *Virgil*, with a maſterly Hand, has either expreſs'd or inſinuated, in order to raiſe the Character of *Iapis*, and render it every Way amiable and venerable.

His publick Spirit, his Zeal for *Æneas*'s Safety, and Affection for his Cauſe, are here apparent. What can declare them more than the abrupt Manner of his entering on this honeſt, and beautiful Expoſtulation?

He ſtays not to congratulate his great Patient upon the Cure, or to receive the Congratulation of others. His Concern is only leſt any Moments ſhould be loſt, and therefore he addreſſes himſelf immediately to the Crowd, and reproaches the Delay of thoſe, who ſtupidly look'd on, and forbore to bring the Hero his Armour. Intent upon the Common Good, and puſhed by a ſtrong Impulſe, he neglects little Decencies, and forgetting his Profeſſion is the firſt to encourage the drooping Soldiers, and warm them into a Deſire of renewing the Combat.

—— primuſq; animos accendit in hoſtes.

Virgil plainly intended by this Account to tell us, that he was no leſs a good Patriot, than an excellent Phyſician.

His Modeſty, Probity, and Piety appear at the ſame Time to us. He diſclaims all Pretences to Merit in this Caſe, he denies that Art in general, or his Art in particular, did or could perform it.

Non hæc humanis opibus, non arte magiſtrâ
Proveniunt, neque te, Ænea, mea dextera ſervat.

He acknowledges the Interpoſition of Divine Power, without which all his own Induſtry and Skill had been fruitleſs; and having by this Means ſhewn his Maſter to be the immediate Care of Providence, he fears not to promiſe him and his Army Succeſs in the approaching Engagement. The Divinity that ſupplied the Means, he was ſure wou'd accompliſh the Work; and therefore, is ſo far from being alarm'd at the new Dangers *Æneas* might run, that he puſhes him anew into the Midſt of them.

Major agit Deus, atq; opera ad majora remittit.

This is a Painting to the Life, tho' in Miniature. Every Stroke of the Pencil diſcovers ſome new Feature, ſomething particularly beautiful in the Perſon intended to be drawn. *Apollo*, *Virgil* told us, beſtow'd originally on *Iapis* three Arts, in which he excell'd.

Augurium, citharamq; dedit, celereſq; ſagittas;

Tho' *Iapis* had omitted the Study of three Arts, to purſue that of Medicine, yet ſtill we find him poſſeſs'd of the two firſt at leaſt, and exerting them in a very remarkable Manner. His Skill in Divination (*Augurium*) manifeſts itſelf, by his firſt lighting on the Cauſe of the Cure, and then foretelling the Event of it. His Talent for Poetry and Muſick (which the Word *Citbara* implies) *Virgil* has taken Care to ſecure to him by thoſe fine Lines he makes him utter on this Occaſion, which are as juſt and numerous, as any in the *Æneid*. And as to his Knowledge of the *celeres Sagittæ*, there is, methinks, ſome little Reference, ſome Alluſion to that Gift, in the very Nature of the Operation about which he is imploy'd. So that the Poet forgets not in the Concluſion of this little Epiſode (if I may call it ſo) what he had ſaid at the Entrance of it. His Account of *Iapis* is throughout conſiſtent, and of a Piece. And I may

after

after this particular Examination of it, now safely appeal to Men of Judgment and Taste, whether what I have laid down concerning the Character of *Iapis* be not true, that it is certainly one of the most moral, beautiful and perfect that occurs throughout the Poem; and consequently must have been design'd to represent some Physician of Note, with whom *Virgil* was particularly acquainted. And who cou'd that be but *Antonius Musa?* Happy he was, to be acquainted with such a Poet, and such a Friend, who knew his Worth and did such Justice to it! that I persuade myself if *Musa* out-liv'd *Virgil* and the Edition of his Poem (as I think he did) he valued himself more upon those Verses of his, than upon all the Liberalities of *Augustus*.

An Endeavour to set this Point in a true Light, was the real Occasion of what I have written; wherein I have intermix'd also Reflections of a different Kind as they occur'd, and as I judg'd them useful to illustrate the Art and Conduct of *Virgil* in managing this Incident. Some of these Reflections will, perhaps, be thought too refined, and rather fanciful than just. I am apt to think so myself, and that I have here and there indulg'd my Passion for *Virgil*, and ascrib'd more to him than he expressly intended. A very pardonable Fault in his Commentators and Admirers! who are sure to omit ten Observations that might be made to his Advantage, for one, which they start that does not strictly belong to him. However, most of the Thoughts which I advance, have, if I mistake not, a real and solid Foundation. Such as they are, they have offered themselves to me without the Help of Books, of which I am not now Master, and, if I were, shou'd perhaps have chosen not to consult them; being persuaded that the Text of great Authors well consider'd, is the best Comment on it self, and affords the truest Lights towards entering into the Spirit of them.

The Contemners of the Ancients take more Pains to censure than understand them. Such Reflections as these, if well grounded, may contribute to give them juster Notions than they have of the Propriety of *Virgil*'s Thoughts and Expressions, and lead them to peruse his Works with more Attention, and Reverence than they usually bestow upon them. For certainly he was a Man, that with a noble Ambition aimed at Immortality, and took the truest Ways to compass it. He had always in his Eye that important Advice of *Longinus*, given to those Writers who desire to excel, that they should frequently ask themselves, Πῶς ὃ μετ' ἐμὲ ἀκούσει αἰών, "How will "Ages to come think and speak "of me?" In this Spirit and in this View, he wrote his *Æneid:* Had he given it his last Hand, it wou'd, I'm persuaded, have been the noblest Work that the Mind of Man by its natural Powers (not only did ever produce, for such it is now, but) is capable of producing. That is not the Case; for he died before he cou'd finish it; and laid that Disappointment so much to heart, as to endeavour to destroy what did not answer the Idea of Perfection he had conceived. There is no Room to dispute this Fact, the Authorities for it are beyond Exception; and it gives us an higher Notion of *Virgil*, than ever his Poem can furnish us with: Since it was, doubtless, a greater Proof of his superior Judgment and Genius to resolve to burn what he had written because he held it imperfect, than to have been able to compose it. We are beholden to *Varius* and *Tucca*, that this Resolution was not executed; and Posterity ought to be grateful to their Memories on that Account. What they writ themselves is lost, and lost, per-

haps, by the ſurpaſſing Excellence of the Poem they preſerved, and by the extraordinary Praiſes which they themſelves (whoſe Judgment was then held in high Repute) without Envy conferr'd upon it.

How different has the Fate of *Virgil* been in our Days! What Men have tried to raiſe their Reputation upon the Ruin of his; and by finding Fault with his matchleſs Works to make way for their own inſipid Performances! The ill Succeſs of the Attempt will not, I believe, tempt others to renew it. Theſe, I hope, may be the laſt Efforts that Ignorance and Want of Taſte will make on the Characters of Men, whom the univerſal Applauſe of ſo many ſucceeding Ages has put beyond the Reach of our Cenſure, and whom it will ever be our Happineſs to admire and our Glory to imitate.

Hæc ego luſi
Ad Sequanæ ripas, Thameſino à flumine longe;
Jam ſenior, fractuſq; ſed ipſa in morte meorum uſquam.
Quos colui, patriæq; memor, neq; degener.

FRANCIS ROFFEN

A View of the Weekly ESSAYS *and* DISPUTES *in this Month.*

Common Senſe, Jan. 7. N° 49.

The great Importance of the Liberty of the Preſs.

THE Liberty of the Preſs is ſo eſſential to the Support of that Conſtitution, under which we have hitherto enjoy'd the Bleſſing of Freedom, that it becomes every Man to conſider in the moſt reverential Light, this *Palladium* of our Rights, and to ſhudder at the Thought of any Violation offer'd to it.

There are Arguments which might be improper for me to mention here, but which, I believe, for ſome Time paſt, have rais'd an Apprehenſion in every conſiderate Breaſt, that an Attempt to put ſome Reſtraint to what in the modern Phraſe has been call'd the Licentiouſneſs of the Preſs, was not far off. Indeed the extraordinary Proceedings of late towards the Printers and Publiſhers of ſome of the publick Papers, are underſtood by ſome no otherwiſe than as an arbitrary Puniſhment before Conviction, and muſt alone amount in ſome Degree to a Reſtraint of the Preſs, if ſuffer'd to go on unexamin'd and unoppos'd. But we need no longer have recourſe to Inferences to ſuppoſe ſuch a Deſign; the Declaration of the *Gazetteer*, *Dec.* 9. leaves us little Room to doubt of it, when we are openly told, that the Liberty of the Preſs *calls for an immediate Check.*

We need not look far back for an Inſtance of the Uſefulneſs of this Liberty, when we recollect, that one of the moſt deſtructive Schemes to our Properties and Liberties (I mean that of the Exciſe) owes its Defeat in a great Meaſure to the Freedom of the Preſs: For it muſt be own'd to the immortal Honour of the Authors of the *Craftſman*, that their Writings had a principal Share in that Event.

I know how much the furniſhing the People with the Means of forming any Judgment on publick Tranſactions has of late been ridicul'd amongſt us; but this is the Effect of narrow and intereſted Politicks, and very different from the Sentiments of one of the wiſeſt and greateſt Men of Antiquity, *Pericles*, who mentions it as an Excellency of the *Athenian* State, that no Man, how induſtrious ſoever in other Buſineſs, neglected making himſelf acquainted with the Politicks and Laws that related to that Commonwealth.

When the *Romans* had fallen from their State of Freedom, and became Slaves to the Ambition of a ſingle Perſon;

Perſon; when it grew to be the Intereſt of their Emperors and their Miniſters, that the Charms of Liberty ſhould be no longer painted to the People, that they ſhould not be made ſenſible of the Miſeries they were forc'd to ſubmit to, and of the Weakneſſes and Vices of their Governors, the writing whatever was thought proper to be call'd a Libel, was accounted amongſt *Crimina læſæ Majeſtatis*. From henceforth the mere Commendation of Virtue and publick Spirit became a capital Offence, and by a Doctrine like the modern one of Innuendos, was eaſily conſtru'd as a Reflection upon the Times and Government. *Cremutius Cordus* was condemn'd to die, and fell a Sacrifice to the Malice of *Tiberius*, for having only in his Writings call'd *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, *ultimos Romanorum*, i. e. *the laſt of the Romans*.

We all know how productive of the moſt pernicious Errors the Reſtraint of a Freedom of Writing has prov'd in the Church of *Rome*; it was by keeping the People in Ignorance, and forbidding the reading of ſuch Books as might have enlightened their Underſtandings, that Impoſture and Fraud ſo long triumph'd in the World; and we might ſtill have groan'd under the Tyranny of that Church, had not the Writings of *Wickliff* and *Huſs*, and afterwards their Follower *Luther*, made their Way into the World, in Spight of the Oppoſition and Perſecution of their Enemies.

Nor was the pretended Care of the Church of *Rome*, of keeping the Minds of Men from being poiſon'd by reading dangerous Opinions, confin'd wholly to Religion or State Policy, but extended even to the Liberal Sciences; as we find a remarkable Inſtance in the famous *Galileo*, whom *Milton* tells us he ſaw when he was in *Italy*, *grown old and a Priſoner to the Inquiſition, for thinking in Aſtronomy otherwiſe than the* Franciſcan *and* Dominican *Licenſers thought*.

Shall we *Britons*, who owe the Reformation of our Religion, and afterwards the Preſervation of it, as well as of our Civil Liberty, to the Freedom of Writing, which exerted itſelf notwithſtanding the Terrors of Fines, Impriſonment, and even ignominious and cruel Whippings, and which thereby ſo viſibly contributed to promote the late glorious Revolution; ſhall we, I ſay, ſuffer that Freedom to be reſtrain'd? And ſhall it be attempted by Men who pretend to value themſelves in the outward Profeſſion of thoſe Principles, on which the Revolution was founded? Surely it would be the higheſt Inſult to attempt it under the Reign of his Majeſty's Family, ſince, by a neceſſary Connection with the Revolution, it concurr'd in procuring them the Honour of the *Britiſh* Crown, heighten'd by the glorious Circumſtances of its being the Gift of a free People, on the grateful Conditions of protecting them in their Laws, Religion, and Liberty.

Let Calumny and Detraction be puniſh'd as they ought to be; in a legal Manner. We have ſevere Laws in Force to reſtrain and deter Men from them. Should it be allow'd there might poſſibly be ſome few trivial Inconveniencies, that ariſe from the Liberty of the Preſs as now enjoy'd, yet it is impoſſible to prevent them by any other Methods than ſuch as the Law already appoints: There is nothing elſe that can be propos'd, but what muſt equally ſubmit Truth and Falſhood, Liberty and Licentiouſneſs, to the ſame Reſtraint.

Craftſman, Jan. 7. N° 600.

A Criticiſm on a Paſſage in Virgil.

Dear Caleb,

SINCE it is grown almoſt impracticable for you to write a-

bout *Politicks*, either *foreign* or *domeſtick*, without giving Offence to your *Betters*; I wiſh you would now and then turn your Thoughts to ſome other Subjects. For this Reaſon, I ſend you a few Thoughts upon a famous Paſſage in *Virgil*, which hath exceedingly puzzled all the *Criticks*, both antient and modern; for I do not apprehend that you are *yet* reſtrain'd from publiſhing Remarks upon any Kind of *Poetry*, except *Plays*; which, it ſeems, are not within the *modern Liberty of the Preſs*. The Paſſage, I mean, is in the 2d Book of the *Æneid*; where *Virgil* ſpeaking of ſeveral *Trojan Heroes* glorioufly ſlain, whilſt fighting with the treacherous *Greeks*, amongſt the reſt he mentions *Ripheus*, in the following Terms.

——Cadit & Ripheus, juſtiſſimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus æqui.
Diis aliter viſum.

Tranſlated thus by Mr. Dryden.

Then *Ripheus* follow'd, in th' unequal fight,
Juſt of his word, obſervant of the right.
Heav'n thought not ſo.

The latter Part, the exceptionable Hemiſtich, he renders you ſee, almoſt literally. Sir *John Denham* hath given it a different Turn.

——Next did bleed
Juſt *Ripheus*, whom no *Trojan* did exceed
In virtue; yet the Gods his fate decreed.

And much after the ſame Manner, Mr. Pitt,

Next *Ripheus* bled, the juſteſt far of all
The *Trojan* race; yet heav'n permits his fall.

Which, tho' far better *Divinity* than that of *Virgil*, and a fine Improvement upon the *Original*, muſt be allow'd to be a wide Deviation from it. Dr. *Trapp* expreſſes it, in blank Verſe thus.

——Next *Ripheus* falls, than whom
No *Trojan* was more juſt and good: tho' heav'n
Decreed not ſo.

Decreed not how?—— *Flat and ambiguous!*

If we underſtand *this Paſſage* according to the common and obvious Acceptation of it, I don't ſee how we can vindicate it from the Imputation, not only of a *contradictory* but a *prophane Sentiment*; for if *Ripheus* was really a *juſt* and *righteous* Man, how cou'd the *Gods* poſſibly think him *otherwiſe?* If the *Gods* thought him *otherwiſe*, how could he be *ſuch* as he is here repreſented?

Now they, who are the leaſt converſant with the Writings of *Virgil*, will readily agree with me, that *Piety* is as much the diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtick of *that Poet*, as of the *Hero of the Æneid*, who draws this amiable Picture of *Ripheus*; and conſequently may well be ſuppoſed to convey the *Author*'s own Sentiments. Had the Words been put into the Mouth of a *Mezentius*, I ſhould not have been at all ſurprized. But does not *Virgil* expreſs himſelf, in this Place, quite out of Character? Hath he not left his *Piety* behind him, like his Favourite *Æneas*, when he repair'd with *Dido* to the Scene of Love? How then ſhall we reconcile *this Paſſage* to the well-known Character of *Virgil*, through every Page of whoſe divine Poetry an Air of *Religion* is diffuſed?

You will ſmile, *Sir*, no doubt, at the Whimſicalneſs of my Conceit; but I can't help fancying that the *Poet* here deſigns a *clean* tho' *latent Sarcaſm*, under the Diſguiſe of a *Panegyrick*. He ſeems, methinks, to paint *Ripheus* as a *ſanctify'd Hypocrite*; as one, who appear'd to be what he *was not*; for why may we not paraphraſe the Verſes thus?——*He was* (that is, he was *reputed*; or he was to all *outward Appearance*) *the* juſteſt Man *among the* Trojans, *the ſtricteſt Obſerver of* Equity; *but the* Gods, *who* ſee not as Man ſeeth, *but diſcern the very* Thoughts *and* Intents of the Heart, *beheld him in a diſferent Light. They know all his* ſeeming Virtue *to be nothing but* Hypocriſy *and* Grimace.

A. B.

P. S.

P. S. Juſt as I was folding up my Letter, who ſhould come in to quaff a Bottle with me, but an *honeſt, jovial Country Parſon?* who, knowing me to be a profund Admirer of *antique Volumes*, brought with him a mouldy Edition of *Virgil*, printed at *Francfort*, 1553, illuſtrated with the *Scholia* of one *Belchandwheezius*, a learned *German*. You may imagine, I was impatient till I had conſulted him upon the *Paſſage* under Examination; where he curiouſly remarks, that *Ripheus* was *Prime Miniſter of State* to old King *Priam*; by whoſe unconſcionable Oppreſſions, Male-Adminiſtration, and wrong-concerted Meaſures, his Countrymen had ſeverely ſmarted. *Hic* Ripheus, ſays he, *per ſeptendecim plus minus Annos Fiſci Regii Quæſtor fuerat.* Juſtiſſimus inter Trojanos, *Aulicarum Partium, Ipſiuſque Lenonum Voce comprobatus eſt; revera injuſtiſſimus, æquique minimè tenax.* Which may be tranſlated thus: *He had been* Chancellor of the Exchequer *for* 17 *Years more or leſs. He was magnify'd by the Voice of the* Court-Party, *and his* own proſtitute Creatures, *as a Man of the moſt unblemiſh'd Integrity in the whole Nation: Whereas, in Truth, he was the very Reverſe, and the fartheſt from* Juſtice, *or* Equity, *of any Man upon Earth.* This he proves by a long Induction of *Frauds* and *Corruptions*, collected from *Dictys Cretenſis*, and *Dares Phrygius*; who were both perſonally concern'd in the Siege of *Troy*, engag'd on oppoſite Sides; and have given us an exact Detail of the Occurrences of the whole War between the *Greeks* and *Trojans*; whereas *Homer* hath confined himſelf, in the *Iliad*, to the Exploits of a few Weeks of the *laſt Campaign.* He farther acquaints us, that *Ripheus*, by his falſe Politicks, and pernicious Counſels, had involved his *deluded Maſter* in ſuch inextricable Difficulties, as terminated in the Deſtruction of *Troy*, in the Slaughter of almoſt all his numerous Family, together with the Loſs of his own Life.

Unicus hic tantum potuit ſuadere malorum;

So fatal is it for a Prince *to ſuffer his Ear to be engroſs'd by a* ſingle Stateſman, *whilſt he is deaf to the loud Clamours of his* injured People! — He concludes his political Obſervations with this memorable Irony: Troy *might have* ſtood *much longer, if* righteous Ripheus *had* fallen *much ſooner!*

Several Gazetteers *were wrote in Anſwer to the above Criticiſm, of which that of the* 17*th ſeems to be moſt to the Purpoſe; which ſays:*

SUPPOSE, for the Sake of the Comment, the Expreſſion were ſtrictly and literally preſerved in the rendering, ſomething after this Manner;

Next periſh'd *Ripheus*, in th' unequal ſtriſe
None liv'd more juſt, or more deſerving life;
But heaven thought *otherwiſe.*

I ſhould be asked then, no doubt, what Ground for this Supplement of, *more deſerving Life?* But, I would anſwer, that there is this very Expreſſion in the Original, as plain and legible as if it had been actually written there. *Æneas* is recounting, with great Regret, the Loſs of a very righteous Perſon, a Man, ſays he, repeating the Expreſſion, *of the moſt eminent Integrity of any living.—But Heaven thought otherwiſe.*

That there is a Sentiment viſibly ſunk in this Abruptneſs, is beyond all Queſtion; and whether by Negligence or Deſign, the Character of the Writer may beſt ſerve to determine our Conjecture; much more if it is ſtill to be traced with ſo much Eaſe, that we can have no room to think ourſelves any Loſers by the Omiſſion. But what if ſtill, upon a farther View, this ſeeming Omiſſion ſhould appear to be indeed a very high and maſterly Stroke of Art;

if

if there ſhould be at leaſt a very obvious and undeniable Reaſon behind, for *Æneas*'s not ſpeaking out what he has ſo viſibly, as we ſay, at his Tongue's End? For may we not well ſuppoſe him, upon the Recollection of ſuch a Misfortune befalling ſo good a Man, ready to break out in Grief of Heart with Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Cato*, — *And merited, alas! a better Fate?* — Is not this the Sentiment naturally ariſing in his own Mind from the Occaſion, till ſuppreſs'd by his awful Conſideration of the ſupreme wiſe Diſpoſers of Things, which gives an immediate Check to the Suggeſtion, and makes him add with his wonted Piety, anſwering as it were to himſelf, —— *But Heaven thought otherwiſe?* Upon this Suppoſition, the Man talks neither Nonſenſe nor Blaſphemy, but is indeed the *pious Æneas* deſign'd. Nor is it Virgil *nods*, but *we* that *dream:* The Thought implied being ſufficiently viſible to keep up the Connection; tho' at the ſame Time the Delicacy of the Poet was ſo great, and his Hero ſo tender in forming any preſumptuous Determinations upon the Ways of Heaven, that he thought there was ſomething too bold in venturing to give Utterance to ſuch a Sentiment, and therefore purpoſely ſtopped ſhort, thus abruptly, with the Recollection, that *It was the Will of Heaven.* If I wanted any farther Argument to help corroborate this plain Account, I might poſſibly recur to the Text, and mention a Remark of juſt the ſame Kind in the very next Line,

—— Nec te tua plurima, *Panthu*, Labentem pietas nec *Apollinis* infula texit.

London Journal, Jan. 7. N° 964.

IN a Diſcourſe on the Benefit of *Caution*, if regulated by *Good-Senſe*, and the Miſchiefs of a *ſuſpicious* Temper, is told the following Story. A Citizen of *Baſil* happen'd one Day when he was dreſſing himſelf, to throw aſide a Pair of Garters; his Wife asking him if he intended to wear them no more, and being anſwered in the Affirmative, gave them to a Servant ſtanding by, who immediately put them on. This unfortunately ſtruck the Husband with Jealouſy, which however he concealed till the *Sunday* following, when having ruminated on his own Surmiſes till he had wrought himſelf into a Kind of Madneſs; he, with a drawn Sword in his Hand, ruſhed into his Wife's Apartment, and having cover'd her with Reproaches and hard Names, killed her, before ſhe comprehended what he meant. He no ſooner ſaw that ſhe was dead, than he perceived that her giving the Garters to the Servant was an innocent Accident; the Thoughts of this kindling a new Fit of Enthuſiaſm, he wrote the following ſhort Note: *On Account of a ſlight and groundleſs Suſpicion, I ſlew my Wife; and to puniſh ſo baſe and black an Action, I have ſlain myſelf.* This Note he tied faſt on his Left Arm, and then going up to the Top of the Houſe, threw himſelf from thence into the Street. If this Man had not been of a *ſuſpicious* Temper, ſo trivial an Accident could never have induced ſuch fatal Conſequences.

There having lately appear'd a new Paper, under the Title of, The Nonſenſe of Common Senſe, *we ſhall give our Readers the following Extract from that of* Jan. 10. No. 4.

Of LEVEES.

THE Cuſtom of a great King or great Miniſter's having a Levee, was certainly a very reaſonable Thing at firſt; for as ſuch Men have always a vaſt Multiplicity of Buſineſs, they cannot ſpare a particular Hour for every Perſon, who may want to ſpeak with them, or to preſent a Petition to them; therefore the Hour of their Dreſſing was appointed

pointed for all thoſe who had not very ſerious Buſineſs, or who could not get Acceſs at any other Time; and as every Man had then free Acceſs, it prevented Kings from being made the Tools of their Miniſters, as well as Miniſters from being made the Tools of their Favourites and Slaves.

But now every Creature that has got a great Title, or a great Eſtate, muſt have a Levee, whether he has any Buſineſs or no; and many who have *great* Titles with *ſmall* Eſtates, have Levees, not becauſe they have *Buſineſs*, but becauſe they have *Creditors*. Thus Levees are made ridiculous by many of thoſe who now pretend to keep them; for nothing but Multiplicity of Buſineſs can intitle a Man to keep a Levee; no Title can, not even that of Royalty itſelf, unleſs where the King has Ears and Eyes of his own; nor can any Poſt intitle a Man to ſuch a Privilege, if he is to be but *a Puppet in a Poſt*, and to move in it only by thoſe Springs, which are under the Direction of another.

Then with reſpect to thoſe who are to be at Levees: Theſe Aſſemblies were certainly at firſt entirely dedicated to Buſineſs; ſo that no Man came there to *ſhew* his *Face*, but to *ſhew* his *Buſineſs*; nor was that precious Hour to be taken up by great Favourites, or by thoſe who had Matters of great Importance to communicate, which could not but take up a great deal of Time, and ſo might conſume the Allowance of the whole Company, which is neither honeſt nor fair.

But the original Deſign of Levees ſeems now to be quite altered; for at our modern Levees few but Favourites appear, and moſt of them come there only to ſhew their Impudence and Aſſiduity. If a Stranger goes now to ſuch an Aſſembly, eſpecially if he be a modeſt Man, as Men of Merit generally are, he is huſtled into ſome Corner, and ſo overſhadowed by the Crowd of attending Slaves, that it is impoſſible for the moſt piercing Eye to dart thro' the thick Cloud, in order to pull him from Obſcurity. Then as all Men are fond of making the World believe they have the Ear of a King or Miniſter, every impudent Fellow will whiſper, tho' it be nothing but an impertinent Joke, as every Joke muſt be at a Time which a great Man ſets a-part for Buſineſs only. By this Means the Levees even of our real great Men are become quite uſeleſs both to them and to their Country: Nay they are really become ſuch a Farce, that I wonder the ingenious Mr. *H—th* has never thought of obliging the World with ſuch a Piece as *a modern Levee*. I am convinced he would ſucceed as well as he has done in his *modern Midnight's Converſation*; becauſe I am ſure the Cringes, the Grins, and the fawning Countenance of a thorough-bred Levee-haunter, would make as droll a Figure, as the Ideot Face or Bedlamite Poſture of a drunken Sot or frolickſome Debauchee; and to grace the Piece, a P---n will ſeldom be wanting in the one as well as in the other.

Common Senſe, Jan. 14. N° 50.

Advice to the Ladies to beware of the Ides *of* January.

MY ingenious Predeceſſor, the *Spectator*, bid his fair Countrywomen, *beware the Ides of* May, looking upon that Seaſon to be as fatal to their Virtue, as the *Ides* of *March* had formerly prov'd, to *Cæſar*'s Life. But, beware, ye Fair (ſay I) the *Ides* of *January*, and muſter up all the collected Force of Habit, Education, and Virtue, to withſtand the Operations of the Winter Campaign, or you may happen to fall, with leſs Decency than *Cæſar*.

The

The *Spectator* founds his Apprehenſions of the Month of *May*, upon 3 Suppoſitions. The firſt is, *That the Spirits after having been, as it were, frozen, and congeal'd by the Winter, are then turn'd looſe, and ſet a rambling.*

Surely the Spirits may more juſtly be ſaid *to be turn'd looſe, and ſet a Rambling*, in *January*, after a tedious ſix Months Confinement in the Country, than they can be, in *May*, after a four Months Evaporation in *London*. For my own Part, I conſider *January*, as the general Gaol Delivery of the fair Sex. 'Tis then, that they come to Town, fluſh'd with the Health and irritated with the Confinement of the Country. 'Tis then, that with an Appetite whetted for Pleaſure, by long Abſtinence, they taſte more exquiſitely, their regain'd Liberty, and feel all the Benefits of their *Habeas Corpus*.

The *Spectator*'s next Suppoſition is, *That the gay Proſpect of the Fields and the Meadows, with the Courtſhip of the Birds on every Tree, naturally unbend the Mind, and ſoften it to Pleaſure.* What Effect this rural Scene may have upon a Milkmaid, I can't ſay; but I can never imagine that Women of Faſhion and Delicacy can be affected by ſuch Objects. The Fields and the Meadows are their Averſion, and the *periodical anniverſary Loves* of the Birds, their Contempt. 'Tis the gay *London* Scene, which prepares the faireſt Breaſts to receive the tendereſt Impreſſions.

The laſt Conjecture is, *That a Woman is prompted by a Kind of Inſtinct to throw herſelf upon a Bed of Flowers, and not to let thoſe beautiful Couches which Nature has provided lie uſeleſs.* This again, evidently relates to the ruddy Milkmaid; for (not to mention the Danger of catching Cold upon one of theſe Beds, to any Body above a Milkmaid) ſurely the Privacy, Conveniency and Security of a good Damask Bed or Couch, are much ſtronger Temptations to a Woman of Faſhion.

I believe I may take it for granted, that every fine Woman, who comes to Town in *January*, comes heartily
A tir'd both of the Country and her Husband. The happy Pair have yawn'd at one another, at leaſt ever ſince *Michaelmas*, and the two indiviſible Halves of Man and Wife, have been exceedingly burdenſome to each other. The Lady who has
B had full Leiſure, moſt minutely to conſider her other Moiety, has either poſitively, or comparatively found out, that he is by no Means a *pretty Man*; and meditates Indemnification to herſelf, either by her Return to *the pretty Man*, or by en-
C liſting one for the current Service of the Year. In theſe Diſpoſitions ſhe opens the Winter, but at the ſame Time, with firm and ſtedfaſt Purpoſe, of not tranſgreſſing the Bounds, or even violating the Appearances of Virtue. But alas! *How frail are all*
D *our beſt Reſolves!* The Lover appears firſt in the innocent Form, of Value and Eſteem; his Converſation is liſtned to with Attention, and approv'd of; it grows frequent, and particular; how can one help that? — Where's the Harm of being di-
E ſtinguiſh'd by the Friendſhip of a Man of Senſe and Faſhion?

With theſe early and juſt Diſtinctions in his Favour, the *pretty Man* proceeds, and gains the more Ground, as his Approaches are the leſs perceiv'd or apprehended. He is ad-
F mitted to the Toilette, as an agreeable Friend and Companion, where he improves the Morning Moments, which I take to be the *Mollia Tempora*, ſo propitious to *Tete a Tetes*; here the Converſation inſenſibly
G grows more ſerious, particular Applications are made of general Topicks; Sentiments of Love and Conſtancy are diſcuſs'd; the pretty Man confeſſes and laments his unfortunate

Diſ-

Diſpoſition to both, and wiſhes that he knew neither; the Lady not without ſome Emotion, and an awkward Smartneſs, tells him that ſhe believes they will neither of them ever do him any great Hurt. This unjuſt Reproach extorts from him, what otherwiſe he could never have had the Courage to have ſaid, *viz.* that, *that entirely depends upon her.* ——Here it is out——the Ice is broke.——What's to be done? The Lady now plainly perceives his Meaning, which ſhe never before ſuſpected. She's ſorry he has put it out of her Power, to have any longer that Eſteem for him which ſhe confeſſes ſhe once had; but they muſt never meet any more, if that's to be the Language. The Lover (for now I may call him ſo) deprecates her Wrath, bids her blame her own Beauty, and his Fate, but pity him, and preſſing her Hand, which (it may be) in her Anger, ſhe forgets to pull away, faithfully promiſes, never to hold that Language more, ——if he can help it. Upon this ſolemn Engagement, he is forgiven, re-admitted, and all Danger is look'd upon to be over. Short and fallacious Security! for, this Point once gain'd, the Beſieger is moſt advantageouſly poſted, is in a Situation to parley with the Gariſon, and ſtands fair for the *Horn-Work*. Here he can argue the Caſe fully, ſhew the Negligence, the Injuſtice, or the Oppreſſion of the preſent Governor, offer Terms of Honour, Safety, and better Uſage, and by Perſuaſions either bring about a willing Surrender, or at leaſt ſo far abate the Vigour of the Reſiſtance, as with a little Force, to make himſelf Maſter of *the Place*.

Having thus repreſented the Danger, I will now point out the beſt Preſervatives, I can think of, againſt it; for in this Caſe Prevention alone can be us'd, Remedy comes too late.

I therefore recommend to my Countrywomen, to be particularly upon their Guard, againſt the very Man whoſe Conqueſt they moſt wiſh for. Let them begin to reflect, as ſoon as ever they begin to find a particular Pleaſure in his Converſation, and let them tremble when firſt they make him a graver Curteſy, than they do to other People. But if, when he approaches them, they pull up their Gloves, adjuſt their Tucker, and count the Sticks of their Fan, let them deſpair, for they are further gone than they imagine.

A conſtant Diſſipation, and Hurry of various Trifles, is of great Uſe in this Caſe, and does not give Leiſure to the Mind to receive laſting Impreſſions; but beware of ſelect *Cotteries*, where, without an Engagement, a Lady paſſes but for *an odd Body*.

A Courſe of viſiting Days, is alſo an excellent Preſervative againſt an Attachment. The rigorous Sentences of thoſe tremendous Tribunals, fulminated by the Old and Ugly, upon the Young and Fair, and where, as in the Inquiſition, the ſlighteſt Suſpicions amount to Proofs, muſt ſtrike great Terror, and inſpire wholeſome Reſolutions.

I abſolutely prohibit Balls; the Agitation of Country Dances, putting the Blood into an unuſual Ferment, too favourable to the Partner.

I have no Objection to Operas, the Innocence of the Compoſition admitting of no Application, and conveying no Idea whatſoever. And I have even known this harmleſs muſical Attachment ſtand many a fine Woman in great Stead.

But I require 'em to be very cautious in the Choice and Uſe of the other theatrical Entertainments, and avoid the Repreſentation of thoſe Dramatick Pieces, which ſeem only calculated to ſoften the Heart, and inflame the Imagination. What warm, and pleaſing Deſcriptions of Love, are our beſt Tragedies filled

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with? It is commonly what the Whole turns upon, and is repreſented as the only Comfort, Pleaſure, or Joy, of Life. It is deſcrib'd, as

The cordial drop, heav'n in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down.

And can one wonder then, that a Lady who does not find this incomparable Drop at Home, ſhould ſeek for it elſewhere?

But this is not all, for leſt ſuch tender Sentiments ſhould only ſoften the Heart; our beſt Comedies come in to their Aid, with the practical Part, and pin the Basket. Here the Ways and Means are chalk'd out, the pleaſing Progreſs of Love delineated, and even the Concluſion of it almoſt exhibited. I believe the beſt, and ſhorteſt general Rule, that I can give my Countrywomen, is abſolutely to abſtain from all thoſe Plays, which they like the beſt.

There are certain Books too, of a moſt ſtimulating, and inflammatory Nature. The Catalogue of them would be endleſs, but my fair Readers will pretty well gueſs at them, when I tell them, that I mean thoſe which are generally kept under Lock and Key, and which, when any Body comes in, are immediately clapt under the Cuſhion.

I have but one Caution more to add, but that is, it may be, the moſt material one of all. To beware of Morning Viſits. Breakfaſt-Time is a critical Period; the Spirits are freſh and active, and if the watchful Lover comes in, ſoon after the drowzy Husband is gone out, it preſents to the Lady a Contraſte, too favourable to the former. The interpoſing Tea-Table is but a weak Barrier againſt impatient Love. Opportunity invites, Reſentment provokes, Nature at leaſt approves; and in ſuch a violent Situation,

She who alone her lover can withſtand,
Is more than woman, or he, leſs than man.

Craſiſman, Jan. 14. N° 601.

Of COURT-FLATTERERS.

THERE is not a more pernicious, or contemptible Vice than *Flattery*; yet *Self-love* is ſo common an Infirmity of human Nature, that moſt People are as apt to be pleaſed with the groſſeſt Compliments paid to *themſelves*, as they are ready to cenſure and ridicule them, when beſtow'd upon *others*. But *Flattery* is a Weed ſo natural to the Soil of a *Court*, that we hardly meet with one Inſtance of a *Prince* upon Record, who hath not been more or leſs peſter'd with it; tho' it hath always flouriſh'd moſt under the *weakeſt* and the *worſt*. *Tiberius*, *Caligula*, *Nero*, and *Domitian*, had much finer Things ſaid of them, than *Veſpaſian*, *Titus* and *Trajan*; for *Pliny*'s Panegyrick upon the *laſt* was ſo juſtly due to his extraordinary Merit, that I cannot look upon it as *Flattery*. (See Vol. VI. p. 686.) The ſame may be ſaid of *Edward* III. *Henry* V. and Q. *Elizabeth*; who were much leſs complimented, in their own Times, than *Edward* II. *Richard* II. and *James* I. The *laſt* of theſe was not only call'd the *Solomon* of his Age, but flatter'd by a *Sycophant Arch-Biſhop*, and his *Court-Chaplains*, as one, who ſpoke by the Inſpiration of the *Holy Ghoſt*. Nay, he had the Vanity to tell the *Parliament* himſelf, that he was a *wiſe King*, as well as an *old one*; tho' he ſuffer'd himſelf to be bubbled, and inſulted by all *Powers abroad*, whilſt he was impoveriſhing and enſlaving his People at *home*. In ſhort, all his *Wiſdom* conſiſted in a little *School-Pedantry*, which laid the Foundation of a *civil War*, and ended in the Ruin of his whole Family. However, it muſt be confeſs'd that he laid down ſome Poſitions, which contradicted the whole Tenor of his Conduct, and have been lately treated as a Sort of *Treaſon*.

In

In one of his long-winded Speeches to *Parliament*, he confeſſes himſelf to be only the *great Servant of the Commonwealth*; tho' at the ſame Time, he ſet on Foot the ridiculous Doctrines of *Paſſive Obedience*, *Non-Reſiſtance*, and *Hereditary Right*, which deſtroy'd his whole Family, and have been lately moſt abſurdly recommended, under a *Government* eſtabliſh'd upon their Ruin.

Another of his learned Maxims, in the ſame Speech, is; *In corruptiſſimâ Republicâ plurimæ Leges*; that is, *the moſt corrupt States abound moſt with* Laws; by which, perhaps, *he* might mean, that *royal Prerogative*, or *arbitrary Power*, was preferable to *Acts of Parliament*; but, in another Senſe, it is an admirable Maxim; for nothing can be a ſurer Mark of a *degenerate Age* than the Multiplicity of *penal Laws*, which can never be neceſſary but in *ſuch a State of Affairs*.

A third Maxim advanced by him was; *Quod à multis peccatur, impunè peccatur*; *the Number of Offenders ſecures Impunity to all*; which is ſo amply verify'd by Experience, that it wants no Explanation.

But there is another Obſervation of this *wiſe*, *gracious*, and *moſt religious King*, in the ſame Speech, which I was a little ſurprized to ſee; becauſe it ſeems inconſiſtent with his genuine Character. He puts his Parliament in Mind, *that the* Devil *is a* buſy Biſhop; which would ſound well enough in the Mouth of a *modern Free-thinker*, or a profeſs'd Enemy to that *learned* and *holy Bench*; but comes very improperly from a *King*, who flatter'd *them* more, and was more flatter'd by *them*, than any *Prince* till his Time. I have often wonder'd how the *Biſhops* could excuſe ſo groſs a Compariſon between *them* and the *Devil*; eſpecially from a *King*, whom they had almoſt raiſed, by their Flattery, to the Character of a *God Almighty*. I cannot account for this, without ſuppoſing, that as he took prudent Care to *prefer* and *tranſlate* them, according to their *reſpective Services*, they were willing to wink, in Return, at any Treatment they received from *him*; and that they could eaſily forgive his comparing them to *Devils*, if he would recompence them with the Dignity of *Prelates*. But I cannot forbear making one general Reflection upon the Whole, *viz.* that of all *Flatterers* and *Sycophants*, in former Times, none were ever ſo abandon'd as *Court-Biſhops*, *Court-Chaplains*, and *Court-Writers*; who are not content with drawing the true Characters, and extolling the real Virtues, both of the *Living* and the *Dead*; but, like *Sign-Poſt Painters*, lay on their Colours, without any Skill or Diſcretion. *Such Panegyriſts* as theſe are the *worſt of Libellers*, and therefore deſerve the moſt ſevere Puniſhment.

It is a ſtanding Rule in *dramatick Poetry*, that there being no ſuch Thing as *Perfection* in this World, no Writer ought to draw any *ſuch Character*. The *moſt exalted Minds* are naturally ſubject to ſome *Blemiſhes*; and even their *Imperfections* may be repreſented in ſuch a Manner, by a judicious Writer, as to give a Luſtre to their *Virtues* and *Abilities*. This Rule holds in *Hiſtory*, as well as *Poetry*; for nothing ſinks a *great Character* ſo much as raiſing it above *Credibility*, and the Powers of *human Nature*. For this Reaſon, the *beſt Hiſtorians* have always mention'd the *Vices*, or *Failings*, of the Perſons, whoſe Characters they drew, as well as their *Virtues* and *good Qualities*. But it is the conſtant Practice of all *Time-ſerving Flatterers* to allow of no *Imperfections*, and to paint every Perſon, who hath the Misfortune to fall into their Hands, as a *God*, or a *Goddeſs*.

This Vice, as I ſaid before, is more particularly the Growth of *Courts*; [for which he quotes a Paſſage from a *late Writer*, and then ſays:] Would not any Body ſuppoſe *this Writer* to be a very *impartial Examiner*; and one, who ſcorn'd *Flattery*, upon any Account?—Yes, no Doubt—whoever reads his ingenious *Eſſay*, muſt acquit him of any ſuch Charge. But I think it very impolitick in *theſe Gentlemen* to mix their *Panegyricks*, however juſt, with *perſonal Calumny*, leſt they ſhould provoke *thoſe*, who deſire to avoid any *Indecencies*, to turn the true Edge of *Satire* upon themſelves.

I have in my Eye *another Court-Sycophant*, who hath lately acted his Part in ſo ridiculous a Manner, and is ſuch a Scandal to his *holy Function*, notwithſtanding his *Dignity in the Church*; that he is beneath any publick Notice. I ſhall therefore conclude with a Story, which I am aſſured is true.

An *honeſt Country Curate*, of great *Learning* and *Merit*, took an Opportunity of preaching, in a *certain Cathedral*, againſt his *worldly-minded Brethren*; which, it ſeems, gave great Offence to the *Dean* of the Church, who happen'd to be preſent, and was at that Time hawking after *higher Preferments*; ſo that, inſtead of paying him the uſual Compliments, upon thoſe Occaſions, Mr. *Dean* ſent his *Verger* to him, demanding his *Name*, and where his *Living* was; to which the *honeſt Curate* return'd the following Anſwer, with his *Name*; *That* Living *he had none*; *but his* Starving *was in*—. *Such Clergymen* are a Credit to their Profeſſion, and the only Supports to *Chriſtianity* in an Age, which abounds, not only with *Unbelievers*, but *voracious Pluraliſts*, and *flattering Court-Preachers*, who have done *Religion* more real Miſchief, than all the *Infidels*, that ever breathed.

Common Senſe, Jan. 21. N° 51.

To the Gentlemen, Merchants, Freeholders, and others, the independent Inhabitants of Great Britain.

Countrymen,

THE fortunate Succeſs of your united Oppoſition to the late iniquitous Exciſe Scheme, occaſions me thus to addreſs myſelf to you; and I conjure you to grant me your ſerious Attention in an Affair of the greateſt Importance to yourſelves, to your Poſterity, and to the general Intereſts of Mankind.

I will not detain you with an unneceſſary general Declamation on the ineſtimable Value of that Liberty we of this Iſland enjoy. You are ſo well ſatisfied of its Worth, that I doubt not but Numbers amongſt you would expoſe your Fortunes, your Lives, and every Thing elſe that is dear to you, in its Support, as many of your great Anceſtors have often done. If I could ſuppoſe it neceſſary at this Time of Day to convince you of the Advantages of Liberty, I ſhould deem you unworthy of its Poſſeſſion, and ſhould ſpare myſelf the Trouble of this Application.

This Liberty, our Boaſt, and the Envy of our Neighbours, the Source of that Virtue, Courage, Capacity, and Science, in which you, to whom I am now writing, ſo much excel the reſt of Mankind: This Liberty, I ſay, wherein are its Advantages more obvious, or its ſalutary Effects more conſpicuous, than in the Improvements that have hitherto reſulted from the Liberty of the Preſs, and the Freedom of Debate? For whilſt unaw'd by the debaſing Dread of arbitrary Puniſhment, we examine the Virtues, the Vices, the Prudence and Imprudence, of thoſe who have aſſumed, or have been intruſted with the Government of the various States and Empires of the Earth, in either the

the preſent or preceding Ages; whilſt we inquire into the Importance of thoſe Diſcoveries in Science that, at different Times, have ingaged the Attention of the ſpeculative Part of Mankind; or weigh the comparative Merit of the religious, moral, poetick, and hiſtorick Writers of our own Times, and of Antiquity; whilſt, I ſay, we are thus employ'd in examining, comparing, forming of Opinions, defending them, and ſometimes recanting them, the Publick (to whoſe ſovereign Deciſion theſe Diſputes are naturally ſubmitted) acquires that peculiar Readineſs of Judgment and Paſſion for Truth, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh this Nation, and leave it unrival'd by any, either ancient or modern State.

But theſe ſuperior Abilities for ſpeculative Subjects, are but the adventitious Benefits accruing from that Freedom of Inquiry we at preſent enjoy; its happy Influence is ſtill more extenſive and more important: It is this free Diſcuſſion of all Subjects, unreſtrain'd but by equitable Laws, which conſtitutes the very Eſſence of our civil Liberty, is the moſt diſtinguiſhing Character of it, and the moſt effectual Means of perpetuating it. Were this Freedom of Inquiry once reſtrain'd, and all your Information concerning the Management of publick Affairs reduced to ſuch only as you could derive from the Permiſſion of one Man, or any Faction of Men; could you not then be ſaid to lie intirely at their Mercy? For when your Opinions are by this Means in ſome Meaſure in their keeping, how ſhall any of thoſe Efforts be made for Redreſs that have hitherto ſo often preſerved you? How ſhall you be enabled to addreſs your Repreſentatives againſt ſuch Meaſures as you may apprehend to be pernicious, if you are not allowed to be inſtructed in their Nature till you are oppreſſed by them? Or how ſhall you know when to rectify the Choice you may have made of a corrupt Repreſentative, if it is in the Power of thoſe who have corrupted him, to ſuppreſs every Account of his Conduct but ſuch as is beſt fitted to deceive you?

It is in vain to urge the Calumny and Abuſe that ſometimes attend this Freedom, as Reaſons for aboliſhing it: If the Abuſe is obvious, the Laws are in this Caſe ſufficiently ſevere; if the Abuſe be ſo artfully couch'd that the Laws in being cannot take hold of it, (which how little it is poſſible, thoſe who have attended to the Proceedings of this Kind in *Weſtminſter-Hall* will eaſily acknowledge) againſt this Evil, the ſubjecting us to the arbitrary Power of a Licenſer will be but of ſmall Effect. For tho' the Intereſts of Truth and Juſtice always ſuffer by their being carried on under Reſtraints, in lurking Holes and Darkneſs; yet from theſe very Circumſtances Calumny gathers Strength and Vigour, and the ſame Lye that, if openly publiſhed to the World, would have been immediately refuted and forgot, ſhall by its being printed in a Cave, at the Riſque of a perpetual Priſon or an Halter, be handed down to future Ages as undoubted Hiſtory.

Why ſhould we vainly expect our Happineſs to be unmixed? The great Author of Nature has formed a Sun for the cheriſhing of this Syſtem, and has furniſh'd us with Fire for our particular Convenience and Refreſhment; yet, full as he is of Beneficence, Fire often proves our Deſtruction, and the Sun frequently produces Famine and Peſtilence: Shall we therefore prohibit Fire, or murmur at the Exiſtence of the Sun? Surely, no: Yet of the ſame Kind (tho' not in the ſame Degree) would be the Imprudence of deſtroying the Freedom of writing, in order to aboliſh Abuſe and Calumny.

You will poſſibly tell me, that the Liberty of the Preſs has been ſo often declared to be the Bulwark of our Con-

Conſtitution, eſpecially by that Part of the Nation that have gone under the Denomination of Whigs, that all Inforcements of this Doctrine ſeem at preſent unneceſſary, as you cannot conceive any Attempts againſt it will be ſet on Foot under a Whig Miniſtry.

Now, tho' the Importance of this Privilege may excuſe too jealous a Fear of its Violation, yet I will convince you that I ſtand not in need of any ſuch Excuſe.

It is well known, that there are certain mercenary Writers, who are ſo far incouraged and protected, that their Papers are diſtributed, *gratis*, to great Part of the Kingdom, at no inconſiderable Expence. To ſuppoſe then, that the general Tenor of their Writings is not diſagreeable to the Sentiments of their Patrons, is no ſtrained Suppoſition; and if this be allowed me, it muſt be confeſſed, that my Apprehenſions are but too well grounded, ſince we have ſeen the *Gazetteers*, *London Journals*, *Hyp-Doctors*, &c. for many Weeks together, unanimouſly concurring to maintain the Neceſſity of ſome additional Reſtraint on the Preſs; aſſerting with that Profligacy ſo peculiar to themſelves, *that the preſent Liberty of the Preſs is Matter merely of Indulgence, and not of Right*; declaring the preſent Laws to be inſufficient; quoting, with Approbation, and as if for our Imitation, the mercileſs and arbitrary Proceedings of paſt Reigns. Moſt infamous Doctrine! Moſt abominable Precedents! What are we not to fear, when theſe Writings, abounding with the wicked, abandoned Maxims of deteſted Times, are thus cheriſhed, protected, and diſtributed, under the Patronage of thoſe, whoſe Influence in our publick Affairs is but too well known?

Who that conſiders the Proſecutions carried on, within theſe few Years, againſt the Authors and Printers of ſome of the publick Papers; the Facility with which they have ſucceeded, and the Puniſhments that have been inflicted; who, I ſay, that has examined theſe Facts, can pretend, that the Laws in being are ineffectual? Who? But ſuch as, like the Authors I have mentioned, thirſt after the Brandings, Mutilations, cruel Whippings, Gaggings, Starvings, and perpetual Impriſonments of the *Star-Chamber* and *High-Commiſſion Court?* Or ſuch as under the ſpecious Pretence of Clemency, would prevent our Puniſhments by ſuppoſing us to be all Criminals, and previouſly ſubjecting us to the Juriſdiction of a Licenſer of the Preſs, that maſterly Invention of the Inquiſition, chief Support of the papal Throne, and ſworn Devourer of all true Piety, Liberty and Virtue?

Since then, *my Countrymen*, you have Reaſon to apprehend that new Reſtrictions of the Liberty of the Preſs may be attempted; and ſince (as the Laws in being are altogether ſufficient for the effectual Suppreſſing of immoral and licentious Writers) it is evident that all ſuch new Reſtraints muſt diminiſh that Freedom of Inquiry, on which our Liberty is eſtabliſhed, and which if once deſtroyed (as it muſt be by the Introducing of Licenſing) there will fall with it our Spirit, our Liberty, our Virtue, and our Learning: If you value that Pre-eminence you now hold amongſt the preſent Race of Mankind; if your moſt ſacred Intereſts, or thoſe of your Poſterity, can animate you; if the conſcious Thought of exerting yourſelves for the Happineſs of Mankind can warm you; if thoſe Motives that have ever moſt powerfully influenced brave and generous Minds can fire you; you will diſcover ſuch a Spirit on this Occaſion, and ſuch an Abhorrence of all thoſe who ſhall favour thoſe enſlaving Principles, (even tho' theſe infamous Threats ſhould not be attended by any real Attempts) as will effectually ſecure you from the moſt diſtant Danger of theſe Innovations in any future Times.

The

The Exciſe Scheme you have glorioufly deſtroy'd; let theſe new-deviſed Fetters, forged in another Shape, but equally pernicious, be equally the Objects of your Averſion and Indignation, and the ſame Succeſs ſhall attend you.

To the AUTHOR *of the* LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

WHILE you continue your Publication of the *Proceedings and Debates in Parliament*, I know you have but little Room for inſerting the Letters or Eſſays of unknown Correſpondents. For this Reaſon, I have not troubled you with any of mine, ſince the laſt which you did me the Favour to publiſh in your *Magazine* for *May* laſt. But as the buſy Time of the Year ſeems to be your Vacation, if you'll allow me now and then a Place in your *Magazine*, during your next Vacation, I ſhall furniſh you with ſome Eſſays in Favour of Liberty and the antient *Engliſh* Conſtitution; neither of which, in my Opinion, ſeems to be well underſtood by moſt who talk of them, nor by many who have wrote on the Subject.——In theſe Eſſays, I can aſſure you, I have not the leaſt Deſign to reflect upon any Party, nor upon any Gentleman in or out of the Adminiſtration: My only Aim ſhall be, to purſue Truth as far as I can trace it; and if any Party, or private Man, ſhould be offended with Truth, I ſhall be proud to hear he is offended with me.

As the preſent Age ſeems to be a little too volatile for conſidering any Subject in a methodical and ſyſtematical Way, I ſhall conform to the Genius of the Age, and deliver my Sentiments in that looſe Way which my Cotemporaries ſeem to be ſo fond of.

The Works of a quaint Politician of the laſt Age having been lately collected together, and reprinted in a beautiful and magnificent Manner, and having been recommended by many Gentlemen of Taſte and Character, I ſuppoſe they have been read by moſt Gentlemen of the Kingdom: I am ſure, they ought to be read by every Gentleman who has a Mind to preſide, or even put in a Word, at any of thoſe *Coffee houſe* Clubs of Politicians, whoſe ingenious Speculations have been of ſuch important Service to Mankind and their Country. My Readers will eaſily gueſs, I mean that famous Volunteer in Politicks, the unfortunate Mr. *Harrington*. As this Gentleman wrote, when a Man of Quality was as much out of Faſhion in this Country, as a Man of Honour or Principle is now, he has formed his Scheme of Politicks entirely upon the levelling Syſtem; for he ſeems to make *a Cobler* as good a Judge of the remote Ends of Government and true Intereſts of his Country, and as zealous for promoting the former and defending the latter, as a Man of the *beſt Family* and *moſt polite Education*.

This is a Principle in Politicks which I cannot by any Means give into; for tho' I believe, the Populace will never wilfully ſacrifice the Intereſt of their Country, or diſappoint the Ends of Government, yet I am afraid, if they are under no Influence or Dependence upon Men of Family and Fortune, they may be eaſily miſled. When I ſay this, I muſt be ſuppoſed to mean the People of great and powerful Societies; for while a Society conſiſts but of one City, or rather Village, the publick Intereſt of the Society is in every Caſe ſo plain, and may be ſo eaſily underſtood by the minuteſt Member, that the People cannot eaſily be deceived; but when a Society comprehends many Provinces, and a vaſt Extent of Country, the Intereſts of the Whole cannot poſſibly be underſtood by every Individual. On the contrary,

a Man muſt have had a very open and generous Education, to have the leaſt Notion of what is proper for the Good of the Whole; and we often find, that Men of the beſt Families and Education, uſually judge that to be the Intereſt of their Country, which is nothing but the *Intereſt* of their *Party*, or, perhaps, the *Prejudices* of their *Bottle-Companions*.

Then with reſpect to the Zeal, which a Man may be ſuppoſed to have for preſerving the Honour and Independency of the Society, to which he belongs, either againſt domeſtick or foreign Invaders, it is impoſſible to imagine, that a Man of no Family nor Fortune, can have ſuch a great Share of it, as a Man who is poſſeſs'd of both theſe Advantages. Under the moſt free Government that ever was invented, or can be eſtabliſhed, among Men, a Perſon of no Family nor Fortune muſt be bred up to, and muſt always live in, a very great Dependence upon thoſe who afford him the Means of Subſiſtence; and is always apt to repine at the hard Conditions he imagines to be put upon him by the Rich and Powerful: This is ſo far from making him zealous in defending the Conſtitution, the Laws, and the Liberties of his Country, that it generally makes him fond of a Change; and he is apt to hope that his Condition may not be made much worſe, even by his Country's being conquered by a foreign Enemy; eſpecially conſidering the humane and wiſe Maxim of Conqueſt now generally eſtabliſhed; for with reſpect to the Poor and Laborious, Conqueſt, according to this Maxim, only gives them new Maſters.

This ſhews that no Form of Government can long endure, if it depends upon the Judgment, the Votes, or the Inclinations of the Poor and Laborious, which are by much the moſt numerous in every Society; and with Reſpect to Maſters and Men of Fortune, it is certain that when a Man poſſeſſes no Preheminence or Privilege, by means of the eſtabliſhed Conſtitution of his Country, he will not be ſo zealous in the Defence of that Conſtitution, nor ſo jealous of any Change propoſed, as when great Preheminences and Privileges are by the Conſtitution entailed upon him and his Family. After a Man has got above the Fears of Want and Dependency, he as naturally, and almoſt as certainly, aſpires to Power, as he did before to a State of Independency; and after he has got Poſſeſſion of Power, he will probably not only endeavour to retain that Poſſeſſion, but to extend his Power, unleſs he has a great deal to loſe by failing in the Attempt. From the Nature of Mankind we may therefore ſee, that a Form of Government, where all Men who are Maſters or Men of Fortune are equal, cannot have ſuch watchful Guards, nor ſo zealous Defenders, as a Form where ſome Families are poſſeſſed of great Privileges and Preheminences; and the former muſt always have more Attempts made upon it than the latter, not only becauſe of its not having ſo watchful Guards, but likewiſe becauſe, in the former, thoſe who have once got into Poſſeſſion of Power, have not ſo much to loſe, if they ſhould fail in any Attempt for overturning the Conſtitution: They have nothing but their private Fortune to loſe, and that they may generally ſecure, by lodging it in ſome neighbouring Country, before they begin their Attempt upon their own; whereas, in a Country where many Families are poſſeſſed of great Honours and Privileges by the Conſtitution of their Government, as thoſe entruſted with Power are generally the Repreſentatives of ſuch Families, they will not be ſo ready to make any Attempt for overturning the Conſtitution; becauſe, if they fail, they loſe all thoſe Honours and Privileges they are by

their

their Birth intitled to; for tho' they may tranſmit their Fortune, they cannot tranſmit their hereditary Honours and Privileges to foreign Countries.

From theſe Conſiderations I am convinced, that no free Government A can be long preſerved, without ſome ſuch Order as in the *Roman* Commonwealth were called, *Patricians*, and in all the *Gothick* Governments, *Nobles*; and I am not a little ſurprized, that Mr. *Harrington*, who ſeems not only to have read, but to B have thought, a good deal about the Conſtitution and Hiſtory of the antient and modern Republicks, ſhould have fallen into that which was then the faſhionable Doctrine, or rather the epidemical Madneſs of the Age, That *noble Families*, or Perſons inti- C tled by their Birth to ſupereminent Honours and Privileges, were inconſiſtent with Liberty, or with a free Commonwealth; ſince it ſo plainly appears from all thoſe Hiſtories, that every Republick that has been of any Continuance, owed its Continuance D to ſuch Diſtinctions; and that Liberty has, almoſt in all Countries, received its finiſhing Blow from a popular Faction.

Gentlemen who read Hiſtory, as Girls do Romances, for Amuſement, and not for Inſtruction, may per- E haps be ſurprized at this Aſſertion; but I could eaſily prove the Truth of it from all Hiſtories, antient and modern. At preſent, I ſhall confine myſelf to the Hiſtory of the *Roman* Commonwealth; and if I can ſhew that that Commonwealth tended to F its Diſſolution in Proportion as the *Patricians* loſt their Influence over the *People*, and that it was at laſt totally overturned by a *popular* Faction, I ſhall think I have given one good Authority in Practice, for the Principle I have advanced in The- G ory.

The great natural Influence which the *Patrician* Families of *Rome* had among the *Plebeians*, for many Years after the Expulſion of their Kings, appears evident from many Parts of their Hiſtory, but more particularly from the Law which gave the *Plebeians* a Right to be choſen *military Tribunes*; for though that Law was paſſed in the 310th Year after the Foundation of that City, yet no one of the *Plebeians* could ever get himſelf choſen into that ſupreme Magiſtracy, till the Year 356; and tho' the *Plebeians* came ſoon after to get themſelves choſen not only *military Tribunes*, but alſo *Conſuls*, *Dictators*, *Cenſors*, and at laſt *High Prieſts*, yet the Influence of the *Patricians* over the *Plebeians*, by Means of the glorious Stand they made for the Honour and Preſervation of their Country, during the 2d *Punick* War, continued to be very great, till the End of the 6th Century from the Foundation of that City, as may appear from *three* remarkable Paſſages of their Hiſtory, during that Century.

The firſt was in the Year 552, when the Queſtion for declaring War againſt *Macedon* was carried by the *Patrician* Influence, ſeemingly in Oppoſition to the Inclinations of the Generality of the *Plebeians*; who then ſeemed fond of ſome Reſpite after the End of the 2d *Punick* War, though that Reſpite would certainly have been diſhonourable, and might have been very prejudicial to their Country. The 2d was in the Caſe of the great *Scipio Africanus*, who in the Year 565 was certainly accuſed, and at laſt forced to leave the City, by the Influence of the *Patricians*, not, I believe, becauſe of any real Guilt as to what he was accuſed of, but becauſe he was become too great and popular for being the Subject of a free State. And the 3d was in the Caſe of *L. Æmilius Paulus*, who in the Year 585 was like to have been refuſed the Honour of a Triumph juſtly due to him, but at laſt carried it, merely by the Influ-

ence the *Patrician* Families then had over the *Plebeians*.

From theſe Paſſages, I ſay, it appears, that the Influence of the *noble* Families of *Rome* among the *Commons*, continued to have its juſt Weight till the End of the 6th Century from the Foundation of that City; but Luxury, Voluptuouſneſs, and Extravagance having been introduced among the *Patricians* about the Middle of this Century, they began to loſe their Authority among the People; to which, I believe, their aſſuming vain and trifling Honours, and their neglecting to puniſh ſome of their own Members for great and notorious Crimes, contributed not a little. Of the former we have one Example particularly taken Notice of by their Hiſtorians, I mean the *Senate*'s aſſuming to themſelves a Place at all publick Plays, ſeparate and diſtinct from the reſt of the People, which was in the Year 558; and their Hiſtorians have given us one remarkable Inſtance of their Neglect to puniſh great and notorious Offenders, in the Caſe of *L. Quintius Flamininus*, who in the Year 560, when he was *Conſul*, and Commander of the *Roman* Army in *Gaul*, moſt barbarouſly murdered *a noble Gaul*, that had come to take Sanctuary in his Camp, for no other Reaſon, but to pleaſe a favourite Miſtreſs, who deſired to ſee a Man expiring; an inhuman Spectacle, which was often exhibited upon the *Roman* Stage, by making their *Gladiators* actually murder one another: Yet this great Man was it ſeems ſo powerfully protected, that he was never ſo much as proſecuted for this barbarous Crime; the only Puniſhment he met with, was, to be expelled the Senate, and even this did not happen till the Year 568, when the Commonwealth had the good Luck to have *two Cenſors*, who had Juſtice and Courage enough to put ſuch a Mark of Infamy upon ſuch a cruel and notorious Offender.

The *Patricians* having by theſe, and ſuch like Means, loſt all Authority among the *Plebeians*, this Loſs was immediately followed by a Diſregard of thoſe antient Regulations, which were the Bulwark of their Conſtitution and Liberties; the firſt Example of which happened in the Year 605, when *P. Scipio Æmilianus* was choſen *Conſul* by the *Plebeian* Faction, notwithſtanding his being then not of a lawful Age for being choſen into that high Office. This, to the unthinking Populace, ſeemed to be a Breach of their Conſtitution not worth minding; but it proved the Ruin of their Commonwealth; for this Barrier being once broke thro', a ſecond Breach was eaſily made on Account of the ſame Perſon, who in the Year 617 was again choſen *Conſul*, contrary to the antient Maxims of their Conſtitution, and we may ſuppoſe, principally ſupported by the ſame Faction; and in the Year 648, *Marius* was by the *Plebeian* Faction continued in the *Conſulſhip*, as he was for the 3 or 4 Years next following; which may be ſaid to have given almoſt the finiſhing Blow to *Roman Liberty*.

It is true, the inteſtine War, which broke out in *Italy* ſoon after, preſerved a Face of Liberty for ſeveral Years, and prevented *Marius* from coming to Extremities; but before that War was well over, the Civil War between *Marius* ſupported by the *Plebeian* Faction, and the *Patricians* headed by *Sulla*, began; in which the *Patricians* had the good Luck at laſt to come off Conquerors; and to this it was owing that the *Liberties* of *Rome* were not then utterly aboliſhed; for tho' *Sulla* ſeem'd to have got the ſole and arbitrary Power over the *Roman* Empire into his Hands, yet he knew the Party that had raiſed him to it, would not ſupport him in it; and therefore, I believe, his giving up of that Power was not ſo much owing to his Self-

Denial,

Denial, which is generally ſuppoſed, as to his foreſeeing that he would be not only deſerted but oppoſed by his own Party, if he ſhould attempt to make himſelf abſolute Maſter of the Commonwealth.

From the Fate of *Marius* and *Sulla*, *Julius Cæſar* learn'd two Leſſons, to which he entirely owed his Succeſs. From the Fate of *Sulla* he ſaw, that no Man could propoſe to make himſelf Maſter of the Commonwealth by means of the *Patrician* Faction, which made him chuſe to put himſelf at the Head of the *Plebeian*; and from the Fate of *Marius* he ſaw, that the *Plebeian* Faction was not to be depended on, unleſs he had an Army of *Veteran* Soldiers perſonally attached to him; the acquiring of which was the next Step to be taken. By his Intereſt among the *Plebeian* Faction he got the Province of *Gaul* aſſigned him; and by the ſame Intereſt he got himſelf continued in that Command, till he had got an Army diſciplined and modelled to his Mind. This Deſign of his was not unforeſeen by many of the *Patricians*, as appears from the many Struggles they made for recalling him, but it was not foreſeen by the Populace; and the *Patricians* having then but little Authority among them, they could get no Law paſſed for recalling *Julius Cæſar*, till it was too late to prevent the Execution of his grand Deſign, which gave the finiſhing Blow to the *Liberties* and *Properties* of the *Romans*.

Thus, I think, I have ſhewn the *Roman* Commonwealth tended to its Diſſolution, in proportion as the *Patricians* loſt their Influence over the People; and that it was at laſt totally overturned by the *popular* Faction. But I ſhall probably hereafter make ſome farther Remarks upon this Subject. I am, *SIR*,

Your conſtant Reader,
And humble Servant,
PHILELEUTHERIAS.

Craftſman, Jan. 21. N° 602.

Extracts from Mr. Hamilton's *Speeches at the Trial of* John Peter Zenger, *of* New-York, *Printer.*

THE m——l Writers, (ſays Mr. *D'Anvers*) were content, for ſome Time, with calling upon the *ſecular Arm*, and endeavouring to intimidate their *Opponents* with Menaces of *Proſecutions*, when they found themſelves ſtung to the quick, and had nothing elſe to ſay. But at laſt they have not ſcrupled to throw off the Mask, and ſpeak out plain; for they not only aſſert, *that the* Preſs *ſtands in Need of ſome* immediate Check; but that the *Liberty of it* ought not to be reckon'd amongſt the *Rights* and *Privileges* of *Engliſhmen*, becauſe it was not immediately claim'd at the *Revolution*, nor particularly ſpecify'd in the *Bill of Rights*; which was certainly defective in ſeveral *other Particulars*, as well as the *Preſs*; but *this Defect* was ſupply'd, towards the latter End of K. *William*'s Reign, when the *Licenſing Act* expired; for tho' an Attempt was made to revive it, and the *Bill* actually paſs'd *one Houſe*, ſuch weighty and ſolid Reaſons were offer'd againſt it by the *other*, that it was at laſt dropt. What therefore can be meant by *ſuch Doctrines* as I have mention'd, but that all the *Advocates for the Liberty of the Preſs*, both antient and modern, were only a Pack of *Knaves*, *Fools*, or *Madmen?*

For this Reaſon, I am obliged to riſe up once more in Vindication of the *Preſs*, which concerns the *Publick* much more than *myſelf*, or than all the *Writers* put together.——But, at preſent, I ſhall only recommend an *excellent little Tract*, lately publiſh'd upon this Subject; I mean, *The Trial of* John Peter Zenger, *of* New-York, *Printer*, &c. This *poor Man* was charged with printing and publiſhing a *falſe*, *ſcandalous* and *ſe-*

ditious Libel, againſt the *Governor* and *Adminiſtration of that Province*; intitled, The *New-York Weekly Journal*; and having been harraſs'd, in an *extra-judicial* and *arbitrary Manner*, by ſome Perſons in Power there, was at laſt brought upon his Trial, by *Information*; which, it ſeems, had found its Way into our *Settlements* abroad. But he had the Happineſs to be try'd by ſo *honeſt a Jury*, and was ſo glorioufly defended by his *Counſel*, particularly Mr. *Hamilton*, an old and infirm Gentleman, who came from *Philadelphia*, on Purpoſe to ſerve him; that he was acquitted in the moſt honourable Manner *. I ſhall therefore give the Reader ſome Extracts from *that Gentleman*'s Speeches.

Having, in ſeveral Parts of his Pleading, anſwer'd the common Arguments upon *theſe Caſes*, with great Learning, Judgment, and Probity, he comes at laſt to the Subject of *Innuendo's*, which he expoſes, with a proper Mixture of *Reaſoning* and *Ridicule*, in the following Manner.

'If a *Libel* is underſtood in the large and unlimited Senſe, urged by Mr. *Attorney*, there is ſcarce a Writing I know, that may not be call'd a *Libel*; or ſcarce any Perſon ſafe from being call'd to Account, as a *Libeller*; for *Moſes*, meek as he was, libel'd *Cain*; and who is it, that hath not libel'd the *Devil*? For, according to Mr. *Attorney*, it is no Juſtification to ſay one hath a *bad Name*. *Echard* hath libel'd our good King *William*; *Burnet* hath libel'd, among many others, King *Charles* and King *James*; and *Rapin* hath libel'd them all.——How muſt a Man *ſpeak*, or *write*, or what muſt he *bear*, *read* or *ſing*; or when muſt he *laugh*, ſo as to be ſecure from being taken up as a *Libeller*?——I ſincerely believe, that were *ſome Perſons* to go thro' the Streets of *New-York* now-a-days, and read a Part of the *Bible*, if it was not known to be ſuch; Mr. *Attorney*, with the Help of his *Innuendoes*, would eaſily turn it into a *Libel*.—— As, for Inſtance, *Iſ.* ix. 16. *The* Leaders *of the People cauſe them to err; and they, that are led by them, are deſtroy'd.*—But ſhould Mr. *Attorney* go about to make this a *Libel*, he would read it thus: *The* Leaders *of the People (innuendo, the* Governor *and* Council *of New-York) cauſe them (innuendo, the* People of this Province) *to err; and they are deſtroy'd; (innuendo,* are deceived into the Loſs of their *Liberty)* which is the *worſt Kind of Deſtruction.*——Or if ſome Perſons ſhould publickly repeat, in a Manner not pleaſing to their Betters, the 10th and 11th Verſes of the lvith *Chap.* of the ſame Book, there Mr. *Attorney* would have a large Field to diſplay his Skill, in the artful Application of his *Innuendo's*. The Words are, *His Watchmen are all blind; they are ignorant*, &c. *yea, they are greedy Dogs, that can never have enough.* But to make them a Libel, there is, according to Mr. *Attorney's* Doctrine, no more wanting but the Aid of his Skill in the right adapting his *Innuendo's*. As for Inſtance; *His Watchmen (innuendo, the* Governor's *Council and Aſſembly) are blind; they are ignorant; (innuendo,* will not ſee the dangerous Deſigns of his *Excellency) yea, they* (the Governor and Council, meaning) *are greedy Dogs, which can never have enough (innuendo,* enough of *Riches* and *Power.)* Such an Inſtance as this ſeems only fit to be laugh'd at; but I may appeal to Mr. *Attorney* himſelf, whether theſe are not at leaſt equally proper to be apply'd to his *Excellency* and *his Miniſters*, as ſome of the *Inferences* and *Innuendo's* in his *Information* againſt my Client. Then if Mr. *Attorney* is at Liberty to come into Court, and *file an Information* in the King's Name,

* *It is remarkable, that in this Trial the Contents of the Libel (as it was call'd) were offer'd to be prov'd,*

Name, without Leave, who is ſecure, whom he is pleaſed to proſecute as a *Libeller?* And as the *Crown Law* is contended for in bad Times, there is no Remedy for the greateſt Oppreſſion of this Sort, even tho' the *Party proſecuted* is acquitted with Honour. And give me Leave to ſay, as great Men as any in *Britain*, have boldly aſſerted that the Mode of *proſecuting by Information* (when a *grand Jury* will not find *Billa vera*) is a national Grievance, and greatly inconſiſtent with that Freedom, which the Subjects of *England* enjoy in moſt other Caſes. But if we are ſo unhappy as not to be able to ward off *this Stroke of Power* directly, yet let us take Care not to be cheated out of our Liberties, by *Forms* and *Appearances*; let us always be ſure that the Charge in the *Information* is made out clearly, even beyond a Doubt; for tho' Matters in the *Information* may be call'd *Form* upon Trial, yet they may be, and often have been found to be *Matters of Subſtance* upon giving Judgment.

Power may juſtly be compared to a great River, which, while kept within its due Bounds, is both beautiful and uſeful; but when it overflows its Banks, it is then too impetuous to be ſtemm'd; it bears down all before it, and brings Deſtruction and Deſolation wherever it comes. If then this is the Nature of *Power*, let us at leaſt do our Duty, and, like wiſe Men, (who value *Freedom*) uſe our utmoſt Care to ſupport *Liberty*, the only Bulwark againſt *lawleſs Power*, which in all Ages has ſacrificed to its wild Luſt and boundleſs Ambition, the Blood of the beſt Men that ever lived.

I hope to be pardon'd, *Sir*, for my Zeal upon this Occaſion. It is an old and wiſe Caution, *that when our Neighbour's Houſe is on Fire, we ought to take Care of our own.* For tho', bleſſed be God, I live in a Government, where *Liberty* is *well underſtood*, and *freely enjoy'd*; yet Experience has ſhewn us all (I'm ſure it has me) that a *bad Precedent* in *one Government* is ſoon ſet up for an Authority in *another*; and, therefore, I cannot but think it mine, and every honeſt Man's Duty, that (while we pay all due Obedience to Men in Authority) we ought, at the ſame Time, to be upon our Guard againſt *Power*, wherever we apprehend that it may affect ourſelves, or our Fellow-Subjects.

I am truly very unequal to ſuch an Undertaking, on many Accounts. You ſee I labour under the Weight of many Years, and am borne down with great Infirmities of Body; yet, old and weak as I am, I ſhould think it my Duty, if requir'd, to go to the utmoſt Part of the Land, where my Service could be of any Uſe, in aſſiſting to quench the Flame of *Proſecutions upon Informations*, ſet on Foot by the Government, to deprive a People of the Right of remonſtrating (and complaining too) of the *arbitrary Attempts of Men in Power.* Men, who injure and oppreſs the *People* under their Adminiſtration, provoke them to cry out and complain, and then make that very Complaint the Foundation for *new Oppreſſions* and *Proſecutions.* I wiſh I could ſay there were no Inſtances of this Kind. But to conclude; the Queſtion before the Court and you, *Gentlemen of the Jury*, is not of ſmall nor private Concern; it is not the Cauſe of a *poor Printer*, nor of *New-York* alone, which you are now trying. No! it may in its Conſequence affect every Freeman, that lives under a *Britiſh* Government on the Main of *America.* It is the beſt Cauſe. It is the Cauſe of *Liberty*; and I make no doubt but your upright Conduct, this Day, will not only entitle you to the Love and Eſteem of your Fellow-Citizens; but every Man, who preſers *Freedom* to a *Life* of *Slavery*, will bleſs and honour

you, as Men, who have baffled the Attempt of *Tyranny*; and, by an *impartial* and *uncorrupt Verdict*, have laid a noble Foundation for ſecuring to ourſelves, our Poſterity, and our Neighbours, that, to which Nature, and the Laws of our Country, have given us a Right——the Liberty, both of expoſing and oppoſing *arbitrary Power*, (in theſe Parts of the World, at leaſt) by *ſpeaking* and *writing* Truth.'

This Speech, together with his other Pleadings, had ſuch an Effect upon the *Jury*, that they took but little Time to conſider of *their Verdict*, and brought in Mr. *Zenger Not Guilty*; upon which there were *three great Huzzas* in the Hall, by a crouded Audience.

The *Mayor*, *Recorder*, *Aldermen* and *Aſſiſtants* of the City of *New-York* had ſuch a Senſe of the publick Service done by Mr. *Hamilton*, in this Cauſe, that they preſented him with the *Freedom of their Corporation*, in a *Gold Box* of conſiderable Value; upon which were engraved the *Arms of the City*, and ſeveral Mottos, expreſſing the Circumſtances of *that Colony*, and the great Services of Mr. *Hamilton*, which will redound to the immortal Honour of that *learned Gentleman*.

Nonſenſe of Common-Senſe, Jan. 24. N° 6.

An Apology for the LADIES.

I HAVE always profeſſed myſelf a Friend, though I do not aſpire to the Character of an Admirer of the Fair Sex; and as ſuch, I am warmed with Indignation at the barbarous Treatment they have received from the *Common-Senſe* of *January* 14, and the falſe Advice that he gives them. (See p. 16, 17.) He either knows them very little, or like an intereſted Quack, preſcribes ſuch Medicines as are likely to hurt their Conſtitutions.—It is very plain to me, from the extreme Partiality with which he ſpeaks of *Operas*, and the Rage with which he attacks both *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, that the Author is a *Performer* in the *Opera*: And whoever reads his Paper with Attention, will be of my Opinion: Elſe no *Thing* alive would aſſert at the ſame Time the Innocence of an Entertainment contrived wholly to ſoften the Mind and ſooth the Senſe, without any Pretence to a Moral, and ſo vehemently declaim againſt Plays, whoſe End is, to ſhew the fatal Conſequence of Vice. But this Author does not ſeem to think it poſſible to ſtop their Propenſity to Gallantry, by Reaſon or Reflection: He only deſires them to fill up their Time with all Sorts of Trifles: In ſhort, he recommends to them Goſſiping, Scandal, Lying, and a whole Troop of Follies, inſtead of it, as the only Preſervatives for their Virtue.

I am for treating them with more Dignity, and as I profeſs myſelf a Protector of all the Oppreſſed, I ſhall look upon them as my peculiar Care. I expect to be told, this is downright *Quixotiſm*, and that I am venturing to engage the ſtrongeſt Part of Mankind with a Paper Helmet upon my Head. I confeſs it is an Undertaking where I cannot foreſee any conſiderable Succeſs, and according to an Author I have read ſome-where,

The world will ſtill be rul'd by knaves,
And fools contending to be ſlaves.

But however, I keep up to the Character of a Moraliſt, and ſhall uſe my Endeavours to relieve the Diſtreſſed, and defeat vulgar Prejudices, whatever the Event may be. Amongſt the moſt univerſal Errors, I reckon that of treating the weaker Sex with a Contempt, which has a very bad Influence on their Conduct. Thus what Reaſon Nature has given them is thrown away, and a blind Obedience expected from them by all their ill-natured Maſters; and on the other

other Side, as blind a Complaiſance ſhown by thoſe that are indulgent, who ſay often, that Womens Weakneſs muſt be complied with, and it is a vain, troubleſome Attempt to make them hear Reaſon.

I attribute a great Part of this Way of thinking, which is hardly ever controverted, either to the Ignorance of Authors, who are many of them heavy *Collegians*, that have never been admitted to politer Converſations than thoſe of their *Bed-makers*, or to the Deſign of ſelling their Works, which is generally the only View of writing, without any regard to Truth, or the ill Conſequences that attend the Propagation of wrong Notions. A Paper ſmartly wrote, tho' perhaps only ſome old Conceits dreſſed in new Words, either in Rhime or Proſe: I ſay *Rhime*, for I have ſeen no *Verſes* wrote of many Years: Such a Paper, either to ridicule or declaim againſt the Ladies, is very welcome to the Coffee-houſes, where there is hardly one Man in ten but fancies he hath ſome Reaſon or other to curſe ſome of the Sex moſt heartily. ——Perhaps his Siſters Fortunes are to run away with the Money, that would be better beſtowed at the Groom-Porter's; or an old Mother, good for nothing, keeps a Jointure from an hopeful Son, that wants to make a Settlement on his Miſtreſs; or a handſome young Fellow is plagued with a Wife, that will remain alive, to hinder his running away with a great Fortune, having two or three of them in love with him. ——Theſe are ſerious Misfortunes, that are ſufficient to exaſperate the mildeſt Tempers to a Contempt of the Sex; not to ſpeak of leſſer Inconveniencies, which are very provoking at the Time they are felt.

How many pretty Gentlemen have been unmercifully jilted by pert Huſſies, after having curtified to them at *half a Dozen Operas*; nay permitted themſelves to be led out *twice?* Yet after theſe Encouragements, which amount very near to an Engagement, have refuſed to read their *Billets-Doux*, and perhaps married other Men under their Noſes. —— How welcome is a Couplet or two in ſcorn of Womankind, to ſuch a diſappointed Lover? ——The Country 'Squire is confirmed, on the elegant Choice he has made, in preferring the Converſation of his Hounds to that of his Wife; and the kind Keepers, a numerous Sect, find themſelves juſtified in throwing away their Time and Eſtates on a Parcel of Jilts, when they read, that neither Birth nor Education can make any of the Sex rational Creatures; and they can have no Value but what is to be ſeen in their Faces.

Hence ſprings the Applauſe, with which ſuch Libels are read; but I would ask the Applauders, if theſe Notions, in their own Nature, are likely to produce any good Effect, towards reforming the *Vicious*, inſtructing the Weak, or guiding the Young? — I would not every Day tell my Footmen, if I kept any, that their whole Fraternity were a Pack of Scoundrels; that Lying and Stealing were ſuch inſeparable Qualities to their Cloth, that I ſhould think myſelf very happy in them, if they confined themſelves to innocent Lies, and would only ſteal Candles Ends. On the contrary, I would ſay in their Preſence, that Birth and Money were Accidents of Fortune, that no Man was to be ſeriouſly deſpiſed for wanting; that an honeſt faithful Servant was a Character of more Value than an inſolent corrupt Lord; that the real Diſtinction between Man and Man lay in his Integrity, which in one Shape or other generally met with its Reward in the World, and could not fail of giving the higheſt Pleaſure, by a Conſciouſneſs of Virtue, which every Man feels that is ſo happy to poſſeſs it.

With

With this Gentleneſs would I treat my Inferiors; with much greater Eſteem would I ſpeak to that beautiful Half of Mankind, who are diſtinguiſhed by *Petticoats*. A Lady who has performed her Duty as a Daughter, a Wife, and a Mother, A raiſes in me as much Veneration as *Socrates* or *Xenophon*; and much more than I would pay either to *Julius Cæſar* or *Cardinal Mazarine*, tho' the firſt was the moſt famous Enſlaver of his Country, and the laſt the moſt ſucceſsful Plunderer of his B Maſter.

A Woman really virtuous, in the utmoſt Extent of this Expreſſion, has Virtue of a purer Kind than any Philoſopher has ever ſhewn; ſince ſhe knows, if ſhe has Senſe, and without it there can be no Virtue, C that Mankind is too much prejudiced againſt her Sex, to give her any Degree of that Fame which is ſo ſharp a Spur to their greateſt Actions. I have ſome Thoughts of exhibiting a Set of Pictures of ſuch meritorious Ladies, where I ſhall ſay nothing of D the Fire of their Eyes, or the Pureneſs of their Complexions; but give them ſuch Praiſes as befit a rational ſenſible Being. I beg they would not ſo far miſtake me, as to think I am undervaluing their Charms: A beautiful Mind in a beautiful Body, E is one of the fineſt Objects ſhewn us by Nature. I would not have them place ſo much Value on a Quality, that can be only uſeful to one, as to neglect that which may be of Benefit to Thouſands, by Precept or by Example.—There will be no Occa- F ſion of amuſing them with Trifles, when they conſider themſelves capable of not only making the moſt amiable, but the moſt eſtimable Figures in Life.—Begin then Ladies, by paying thoſe Authors with Scorn and Contempt, who, with a Sneer of G affected Admiration, would throw you below the Dignity of the human Species.

Old Whig, Jan. 26. N° 151.

Of the Eccleſiaſtical Courts.

To the Old Whig.

SIR,

AMONG your Endeavours to reform Mankind, I don't remember you have yet taken Notice of the *Eccleſiaſtical Courts*; the *Conſtitution* and *Proceedings* of which are *condemned* by *all Parties*. It ſeems therefore a little ſurprizing, that nothing is done, either to regulate them, or put a Stop to their exorbitant Power. The *High-Church Party* complain, that *Church Diſcipline* is left in the Hands of *Lay* Chancellors, which (they ſay) ought to be managed by the *Clergy*. And the *Senſe* of the *Whigs* with regard to this Matter, I think, is expreſſed in the following Words of Biſhop *Burnet*, in the *Concluſion of the Hiſtory of his own Life and Times*: 'As for 'the *Eccleſiaſtical Juriſdiction*, (ſays 'he) it has been the Burden of my 'Life, to ſee how it was adminiſtred. Our Courts are managed 'under the Rules of the Canon 'Law, dilatory and expenſive; and 'as their Conſtitution is bad, ſo the 'Buſineſs is ſmall; and therefore all 'poſſible Contrivances are uſed, to 'make the moſt of thoſe Cauſes 'that come before them: So that 'they are *univerſally dreaded and* 'hated. God grant, that a Time 'may come, in which that noble De'ſign, ſo near being perfected in 'King *Edward* VI's Days, of the '*Reformatio Legum Eccleſiaſticarum*, 'may be review'd and eſtabliſh'd!—

I beg leave to add the Caſe of a *Clergyman*, an honeſt *Old Whig*, (lately removed beyond the Reach of Perſecutors) which, he told me, happened to him a few Years ago, when he was a Curate in a Country Pariſh in the Weſt of *England*. A *Country Fellow*, who lived in a neighbouring

Pariſh,

Pariſh, came to *him* to have his *Banns* called; and deſired to know what he muſt give for it: The *Parſon* told him, that, as he lived out of his Pariſh, it would coſt 5*s.* but offered to marry him into the Bargain. They appointed a Time; and when the *Parſon* was come to that Part of the Service where it is ordered, that the Man to be married muſt produce the *Ring* and the *Fee* upon the Book, the *Country Fellow* put down a *Half-Crown*. This the *Parſon* refuſed to accept; and told him, that as it was not a proper Time, in the midſt of the Service, to diſcuſs that Affair, he would talk with him further about it when the Service was ended: But then the Man grew more obſtinate, and refuſed to give him any Thing. The injured Party upon this thought he had no better Remedy than to have Recourſe to the *Spiritual Court*. But the *Fellow* applying to one of the *Proctors*, he adviſed him to pay the *Half-Crown*, which was offered, *into Court*; telling him, that it was more than the *Miniſter* could *demand*, and that he would *manage him!* Upon which an *Order* was iſſued out for the *Vicar* (in whoſe Name the *Curate* was *obliged* to *ſue* the *Countryman*) to appear *in Court* by ſuch a Day. He living at the fartheſt End of the next County, it was *not poſſible* for him to appear at the Time appointed, tho' he ſhould ride Night and Day after he received the *Summons*: However, the *Order* was nailed againſt the *Church-Porch*, while the *Curate* was in the Reading-Desk; but immediately upon ſome Perſon's going out of the Church to ſee what was doing, it was torn down again by the ſame Perſon that put it up, and he ran away with it. The Proſecution, however, ſtill went on againſt the *Vicar*; but the *Curate* was obliged to ſtand to the Charge; which, when he came to withdraw the *Suit*, he found was amounted to *Five Pounds*. And when he deſired to know, if he muſt not have the *Half-Crown* which the *Country Fellow* left with them; they anſwered, *Yes, if he would pay the Fee for taking it out of the Court*; which was *three Shillings and Six-pence*.

Craftſman, Jan. 28. N° 603.

To CALEB D'ANVERS, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I AM one of the unfortunate Sufferers by the Depredations of the *Spaniards*, in the *Weſt-Indies*, and ſigned the *Petition*, that was delivered to his Majeſty at *Hampton-Court*. (See Vol. VI. p. 576.) As we had a favourable Hearing thereupon before the *Lords of the Privy Council*, and all the Allegations were fully made out, I had great Reaſon to believe ſome effectual Meaſures would be taken for our *Relief*, and *the Security of our Trade for the future*. I ſhould therefore have been ſilent on that Head, had not thoſe manifeſt Inſults on the Nation, as well as Acts of Violence on the *Britiſh* Trade and Subjects, been ſo ſhamefully countenanced and vindicated. That *mercenary —— Writer* and *Spaniſh Advocate*, Paul Crape, does not deſerve any other Notice, than that he would not have the Inſolence to explain, and confound *Treaties* in the Manner he hath done, and to juſtify the moſt flagrant Rapine, had he not Encouragement. But I muſt own myſelf moved with Indignation, when I hear Perſons of ſome Figure in the World talk in the ſame Strain, and falſly aſſert that the *Merchants* had not made out the Allegations of their *Petition*; altho' the *Affidavits* produced, and read in *Council*, were ſufficient to convince every unbiaſs'd Perſon, beſides the *viva voce* Evidence of the *Maſter* of one of the Ships, and his *Mate*, who had been lately taken and plundered by the *Spaniards*; and others were ready to be produced, had it been required or thought neceſſary. Their

Manner of Reaſoning, as well as the falſe Gloſſes and Colours they put on the injurious Treatment of our *Merchants* are barefaced, and unbecoming of *Engliſhmen*, as they plainly inſinuate them to be a Parcel of *illicit Traders*, *lawleſs Robbers* and *Invaders of the* Spaniards *Property*. Is not this giving Encouragement to *thoſe People*, to continue their unjuſt Practices, and cruel Behaviour to his Majeſty's Subjects? And is it not furniſhing the Court of *Spain* with Reaſons againſt an Accommodation, as well as for refuſing to make *Reſtitution*, or *Satisfaction*? This is a Point of very great Conſequence to the Nation; not only a very beneficial Branch of the *Britiſh Commerce*, but the very Being of our *Colonies*, abſolutely depending on it; for if the *Spaniards* ſhould be allowed to ſearch our Ships, that are not found in any of their *Ports* or *Harbours*, but are paſſing the Seas on their lawful Occaſions, and are furniſhed with the proper *Paſs-ports* and *Sea-Letters*, it will be giving up the *Sovereignty of thoſe Seas*, and in Effect the *Sugar Iſlands*; for, in ſuch Caſe, it will be impracticable to carry on any Trade with them; without which they cannot ſubſiſt. But the *Spaniards* are ſo far from having any ſuch Right, that by the Treaty of 1670, which is the only Treaty that reſpects Affairs in *America*, there is not the leaſt Authority given to viſit any Ship at Sea; which ſhews that the *contracting Powers* thought it not ſafe to truſt their Subjects with ſuch a Liberty, leſt it ſhould miniſter to them ſo many Opportunities of committing Violence and Rapine in thoſe diſtant Seas.

Another Point to be conſider'd, is our Right to the Bay of *Campeachy*, and to the cutting of *Logwood* in the Bay of *Honduras*; which the *ſame worthy Perſons*, as well as Mr. *Crape*, have the Modeſty to deny; and to ſtigmatize thoſe, who have dealt that way; altho' the *Board of Trade*, in their *Report to his late Majeſty*, have clearly and inconteſtably made out the Right of the Crown of *Great Britain* to *that Settlement*. The Bay of *Campeachy* is not, indeed, expreſly mention'd in the 7th Article of the Treaty in 1670; but ſurely we want no more Words than the general Ceſſion, to expreſs our Title to *that Place*, as well as to *Jamaica*, which may probably be likewiſe call'd in Queſtion and inſiſted on, if theſe Points are yielded to the *Spaniards*. Their Pretenſions to our favourite Colony of *Georgia*, and to the Iſland of *Providence*, evidently ſhew theſe Notions are not chimerical, and that they aim at ſomething more than to ſecure to themſelves their *Weſt-India Trade*, by excluding us and other Nations from trafficking in any Part of their Dominions. As to *Providence*, it was obſerved by the *Board of Trade*, in the *Report* beforemention'd, 'That the *Spaniſh Governors*, encouraged by their Succeſs, and little regarding the juſt Right of your Majeſty or your Subjects, even to *Plantations* ſtill more remote from their Dominions, did ſoon reſolve upon another Expedition, and in 1682 ſurprized *New Providence*, one of the *Bahama Iſlands*.'—Since we regained it, other Attempts have been made, in the moſt peaceful Times, tho' without Succeſs; and, Capt. *Kinſlaugh*'s Letter to an eminent Merchant in *London*, which was read at the *Council Board*, ſhews that they ſtill pretend a Right to *that Iſland*; for being taken ſo far from any of the *Spaniſh* Dominions as the Latitude 31, and carried into the *Havanna*, on the ſole Pretence of having on Board ten Tons of *Brazilletta Wood*, he inſiſted that he was not liable to a Seizure, or Detainment, on that Account, having Vouchers ready to produce, that the *ſaid Wood* was cut on the Iſland of *Providence*; upon which the *Governor* replied, *What*

Right

Right has your Maſter *to the Iſland of* Providence?

As to the Bay of *Honduras*, the *Spaniards* never had any Settlement there, to the beſt of my Knowledge; but when our People have been cutting of *Wood*, and they could raiſe a ſufficient Force to overcome them, they have ſeized their *Ships*, and moſt cruelly treated thoſe, who fell into their Hands, and ſoon after deſerted the Place. It is therefore worth conſidering that the *Spaniards* never were allow'd, by the Crown of *Great Britain*, to have an excluſive Right to the Continent and Iſlands of *America*, that were not actually poſſeſs'd by them; for there is nothing in the Treaty of 1670, that can be conſtrued to allow of any ſuch Right; the Words *Pre-eminence, Right, or Dominion*, of either Confederate, in the 15th Article, having Reſpect only to the *American Seas, Chanels*, or *Waters*, which they are to *have and retain in as full and ample a Manner, as may of Right belong unto them*. But what Right can be conſtrued to be thereby yielded to them of *uninhabited Countries* and *Places*, not in their Poſſeſſion? Or what Right doth *this Article* give them to any Thing, but what belongs to them; that is, what is inhabited by them? Nor is there any Thing, in this Treaty, or any other, that I ever heard of, which bars the King of *Great Britain*, or his Subjects, from poſſeſſing any Part of the Continent, or Iſlands of *America*, where no *other Poſſeſſors* were before them. The 7th Article of the Treaty, in 1670, ſecures to the King of *Great Britain* the Sovereignty, Dominion and Poſſeſſion of the Lands, *&c.* he then poſſeſs'd in *America*; which undoubtedly gives us a Right to the Bay of *Campeachy*, as well as to *Jamaica*, of *both which Places* we were then in Poſſeſſion. It doth not imply that the King of *Great Britain*, or his Subjects, ſhall not poſſeſs any more or other Parts of *America*; nor ought *this Article*, not being reciprocal as to the *Places* in the Poſſeſſion of the *Spaniards*, to be underſtood by *Conſtruction*, or *pro Confeſſo*, that they had an excluſive Right to all the reſt of *America*; ſince between Nation and Nation nothing but the expreſs Words of a Treaty ought to be deem'd obligatory; nor ought any Thing of that Conſequence to be allow'd, without being expreſly agreed to by the *contracting Parties*.

It is evident that *ſome other Powers*, as well as the *Spaniards*, are making Encroachments, and endeavouring to reſtrain our *Commerce*, under the ſpecious Pretence of preventing *illicit Trade*; and therefore the making of any *Conceſſions* may be of dangerous Conſequence to our *Trade* and *Navigation*. The Protection and Security of *Trade* has conſtantly been the peculiar Care of all our *beſt Princes*, who never would ſuffer the leaſt Innovation, or any Branch of our *Commerce*, or our *Merchants* to be inſulted and abuſed by any Nation whatever. Even King *James* I. tho' he could gain no Points in Favour of a Branch of *Trade*, which never was deem'd illicit on our Part, till within a few Years paſt, yet would not give it up, tho' it was ſtrongly inſiſted on by the Court of *Spain*; and *Rapin*, in his Hiſtory of *England*, has given us a remarkable Inſtance of the Senſe and Regard our glorious Monarch, *Edward* III. had for the *Britiſh Trade* and *Navigation*, by expoſing his royal Perſon in their Defence and Security. *The Letter concludes with the ſaid Paſſage from* Rapin; *which ſee*, Vol. IV. p. 616 C.

Common-Senſe, Jan. 28. N° 52.

Artificial M——l Noſes.

ALTHO' it be agreed by every Body, that all our Misfortunes are owing to inteſtine Diviſions, yet I cannot learn that any ſincere Attempt has been made to reconcile them.

them. I have, with Concern, frequently turned my Thoughts upon this Subject, and I cannot be entirely of the Opinion that a Coalition of Parties is impracticable.

I ſuppoſe it will be granted, that the Diſtinction of Parties without Doors ariſes wholly from the different Opinions within: No ſooner are the Noſes divided upon a Queſtion, but the *Word* is given that divides the whole Nation: And the nearer the Noſes on both Sides come to an Equality, the more violent is the Conflict abroad, the whole Kingdom immediately reels with Party-Zeal and ſtrong Beer. Now this being the Caſe, it neceſſarily follows, that were all the Noſes within upon the ſame Side, all Hands and Hearts in the Country would be ſo too: I mean, were all Noſes on the M——r's Side; for otherwiſe I am aware that the Hands at leaſt of the C——mh—ſe O——rs and Ex—ſe-m—n would form a numerous Party.

The Source of our Evil being thus diſcovered, the Method of Cure is eaſy and obvious. I do therefore humbly propoſe, That all Perſons be rendered incapable of ſitting or voting, until they have reſigned the Noſes they were born with, or which they have ſince purchaſed, into the Hands of the L—d St——rd, or of ſuch other Officer as ſhall be appointed to receive the ſame: And that every ſuch Perſon and Perſons, as aforeſaid, ſhall receive in Lieu thereof, a proper Noſe cut according to Art out of the Buttocks of the P——e M——r for the Time being, to be inſerted in the Place of the former by the S—— nt S—rg—n.

This Expedient is ſo obvious, eaſy, and infallible, that I am ſure every one of my Readers will be ſurprized that it did not occur to him before now. I have indeed expected every Day that ſome one or other would publiſh it before me, and deprive me of the Honour of doing ſo important a Service to my Country. But as it is only founded upon ſolid Principles of Reaſon, and has nothing to recommend it but that it cannot fail of Succeſs, our Wits have deſpiſed a Scheme, which they could not repreſent in a ridiculous Light.

The Operation, which is eaſy and ſhort, was firſt invented by that eminent Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, the learned *Taliacotius*. Mr. *Butler* tells us,

> *The learned* Taliacotius, *from*
> *The brawny part of porter's bum,*
> *Cut ſupplemental noſes, which*
> *Would laſt as long as parent breech.*

I have improved his Thought. *Taliacotius* took his *Materia Medica* from the Bum of a Porter, whereas I take mine from the Bum of a M——r: And I hope nobody will preſume to make any Compariſon between them. I grant indeed that as all my Noſes are to be cut out of one Piece of Stuff, I cannot afford them of ſo large a Size as the Great Duke's Surgeon could his; and therefore I give Notice to all Ladies and others whom it may concern, that theſe Noſes have not the leaſt Relation to any other Member of the Perſons adorned with them. However, to prevent any Cavil, and that no Gentleman may think himſelf injured in this Particular, I propoſe, that whoever pleaſes, ſhall be at Liberty to wear the Model of his own proper Noſe hanging at his Button-hole; or rather, I ſhould think it for the Publick Good, to incorporate theſe Gentlemen into Knights Companions of the Order of the Noſe, or of the Bum: For then the P——e M——r will be as much diſtinguiſhed, by being the only Man without this Order, as he can poſſibly be by being the meaneſt Man with any other.

A *French* Surgeon, to whom I communicated my Propoſal, upon his firſt Arrival into this Country, objected to it, that our Gentry would never ſtoop ſo low, (for ſo he expreſs'd himſelf) as to receive theſe

Noſes;

Noſes; but in leſs than ſix Months he confeſſed, that he had been a Stranger to the Manners of the People when he made the Objection, and aſſured me, that my Project was unexceptionable. And indeed it is evident, that the Noſes muſt of Neceſſity unite in Defence of their Parent, the M——r; for, as Mr. *Butler* very juſtly obſerves,

When the date of nock is out,
Off drops the ſympathetick ſnout.

But this is not the only Advantage that will redound to the Publick by this Propoſal.——Theſe Noſes are admirably well contrived to carry on Buſineſs: They are naturally Gold-finders; and from the Place of their Birth they derive a wonderful Inclination to dirty Work.

Some Perſons have indeed objected, that as every M——r will probably deſire to ſit upon his own Bottom, it may perhaps be difficult upon any Emergency for a Succeſſor to ſkreen his Predeceſſor. But I have already ſaid, that I calculate my Remedy for the Good of my Country: Yet to make it as extenſive as poſſible, my ingenious *French* Acquaintance is pleaſed to undertake to furniſh, at very reaſonable Rates, a competent Number of Tongues made of the ſame Materials, for the Uſe of any M——r whoſe Meaſures may have more Noſes to ſupport them, than Tongues to juſtify them. He aſſures me, that they will be as zealous in his Defence as the Noſes can be, and that whereas formerly a Meaſure has miſcarried becauſe Men could not ſet their Faces to it, now it will be ſufficient to carry any Point, that the M——r ſhould ſet his A—ſe to it.

He aſſures me further, that they will be endued with many other Virtues; as for Inſtance: Should the M——r, after a long Declamation, require the Noiſe of Applauſe to bear him off with the Shew of Argument, what he cannot obtain by his Eloquence, he may command by a proper Tremor of his B——ks, and ſympathetically vibrate his Rump Stakes into the loudeſt Acclamations. Nay, he adds, that each of them will contain a proper Quantity of the M——r's radical Moiſture, ready upon Occaſion to be frothed up into a moſt eloquent Lather: And that Mr. *P—n*, taking half a Sheet of Paper in his right Hand, and with his leſt opening the Mouth of one of theſe poſterior Orators, and the Tongue being extended after the Manner of a *Dutch* Gaaper, he may carry off at one Impreſſion as much M———l Excrement as will ſpread into a very handſome *Daily Gazetteer*.

Now let none of the C—t Scriblers give themſelves Airs, as if they had Noſes of their own, by pretending to ſmell any thing amiſs in my Project; leſt an Accident befalling their Patron ſhould put their Noſes out of Joint.

§. *Common-Senſe*'s Character of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

HAving by Way of Poſtſcript acquainted the Publick with the Deſign of collecting the ſeveral Papers of *Common Senſe* into a Volume, and having occaſionally mention'd the *Magazines*, he adds: *Since we have named the* Magazines, *we cannot forbear beſtowing a Word or two upon that, intitled, the* Gentleman's Magazine, *of whom we may truly ſay, he has not only robb'd, but murder'd* Common Senſe; *not content with ſtealing every Thing he can lay his Hands on, he ſo mangles and defaces what he ſteals, that it is impoſſible their natural Parents ſhould know them.—This* Butcher *bears a moſt barbarous Hatred againſt every Thing that looks like Spirit in Writing;—an ingenious Sentiment has ſomething in it he cannot bear; wherever he meets a Thought of Wit, he cuts it off without Mercy; he is determined no ſuch Things ſhall be ſeen in* his Magazine.

RICHMOND-GARDENS: *A* POEM.

AID me, *Apollo*, with thy lenient art, [part:
'Tis thine the ſofteſt numbers to im-
Hear me, great power, a youthful bard inſpire
With tuneful accents, and poetic fire;
Aſſiſt the muſe, direct her daring flight,
Beyond the dreary ſhades of gloomy night.
Her dark retreats ſhall tempt the muſe in vain,
To paint her terrors in a ſable ſtrain.
Eternal ſhades the moſt her ſeats can boaſt,
And direful phantoms range around her coaſt.
A nobler theme demands her pleaſing toils,
She waits reluctant till *Apollo* ſmiles.
Bid me ſucceſsful ſweep the trembling ſtring,
With dauntleſs rage, in deathleſs ſtrains to ſing
The royal grot; where nymphs and ſwains repair,
The rich variety of beauties there. [prove
Hail *Richmond*, hail! thy matchleſs beauties
Attractive charms, as uncontroul'd as love.
Soon as thy fame had ſpread the country round,
Eager I bid adieu to native ground;
With curious haſte from diſtant plains I rove,
To tread the verdure of thy ſhady grove.
Soon as I enter the capacious bower,
A fragrant ſmell deduc'd from every flower
Greets my approach; while ſtraight before my eyes,
Aſpiring elms at equal diſtance riſe
Sublime in air, the proſpect charms my ſight,
And ſtrikes my ſoul with wonder and delight.
Around the walls hang, tempting to the view,
The luſcious peach and ſcarlet currant too.
Of humbler growth the circling beds diſplay
Ten thouſand herbs produc'd by grateful *May*.
Edg'd with two lonely walks, meandring plays
A ſmooth canal: the ſun's meridian rays
Gliſten ſucceſſive with a twink'ling light,
Glance oe'r the wat'ry gleam and dim the ſight.
Beneath the ſurface, with impetuous ſway,
To fond embrace the reſtleſs branches play,
With painful ſwing attempt a diſtant blow
At ſkies that ſeem ten thouſand leagues below.
Forward advancing, but by ſlow degrees,
Straight I'm convey'd between the thick'ning trees.
Encompaſs'd round, I dart my eyes on high,
But ſcarce can trace a paſſage to the ſky.
The ſylvan ſcene with more than nature dreſt,
Involves the thoughts of her admiring gueſt.
In ranks confus'd, yet rang'd in order too,
Ten thouſand towering ſtoriars greet my view.
The winding circles of the myſtic maze
Wrap me in wonder, while intent I gaze.
The treach'rous paths in croſs confuſion ſtray,
In little couples ſteer th' elaborate way;
Uncircumſcrib'd they aim at diſtant ſpace,
But faithleſs wander to their deſtin'd place,
Attract the labouring eye, a giddy round,
Then wind their courſes to the center'd ground,
Roving at random in one circle meet,
And diſappoint the curious wand'rer's feet.
Here the new tenants of the grove appear,
Dreſt in majeſtic ſtate; for many a year
Indulg'd in native ſoil, vulgar, obſcure,
In rural plains, from pomp and grandeur pure,
Stock'd by ſome labouring bard tranſplanted now
They wave their ſtate upon her graceful brow.
In fettered ranks proud of indulgent chance,
Sport of the wind their ſpiring branches dance;
Fraught with contempt their rev'rend ſummits bend,
Pleas'd to ſurvey the little tenants blend
Their deſpicable heads to mean embrace,
Ambitious of the honours of the place.
Next to my view the *Hermitage* appears,
In ragged plight, the ſpoils of antient years;
Like ſome diſcolour'd remnant fix'd on ſhore,
Or uſeleſs lumber of an antient floor,
Some ſhatter'd fragment of a craggy rock,
Shiver'd by thund'ring *Jove*'s avenging ſtroke.
Without, old hedges, ſpoils of antient time,
As if reduc'd from a once glorious prime,
The cell incloſ'd with thick ſurrounding earth,
As if her parent womb was giving birth
To ſome prodigious monſter: as of old
In fabled page the antient poets told,
How from a grove of buried javelins roſe
(Diſmal prediction of impending woes)
Equal in number, fraught with native rage,
The happy founders of a future age.
So the fam'd *Grecian* horſe, the *Trojans* woes,
Produc'd in birth, and void of female throws,
A num'rous band: that night by fate decreed,
Beheld ten thouſand famous warriors bleed.
Juſt like a ſhallow cave by nature made,
Each ſide ſurrounded with a ſilent ſhade.
The mouldy front, edg'd with ſurrounding trees,
Whoſe waving boughs convey the gentle breeze,
The ſpacious banks with humble moſs o'erſpread,
Produce of time, ſoft as a downy bed.
High o'er the lowly roof thin oſiers twine,
Ivy and grateful brambles all combine,
To graſp with painful cling the ſolemn grot,
Reſolv'd to guard ſecure the favourite ſpot.
Within on curious marble carv'd compleat,
Majeſtic *Boyle* claims a ſuperior ſeat,
Newton and *Locke*, *Clarke*, *Woollaſton* appear,
Dreſt with the native robes they us'd to wear.
Immortal bards, and as divine their name,
Dear to their country and as dear to fame.
Intrinſic worth! could I with *Newton* ſoar,
And ſcan the plains no mortal ſcan'd before,
On *Milton*'s wings I'd dare a flight ſublime,
And drop the fetters of indulgent rhime;
In boundleſs ſtrains I'd ſtretch my tuneful voice,
To aid my flight *Urania* ſhould rejoice.
The ſylvan grot in lively colours ſhown,
I'd mount the ſkies on pinions of my own:
The ſtarry frame with conſtellations fired
Should half diſſolve, with mutual warmth inſpir'd;
The twinkling planets dance around my lyre,
By ſoft degrees I'd reach a ſtory higher,

Wrapt

Wrapt in a world unknown beyond the ſkies,
Where all the ſaints immortal treaſure lies;
I'd paint the matchleſs pomp that world contains,
Her beauteous landſkips, and extended plains,
Where the brave champions of the chriſtian faith,
Dwell far remote from clogs of ſin and death.
Diſpatch'd from thence I'd tell the world below, [flow,
The grov'ling world, what ſtreams of pleaſure
Immortal ſtreams to chear the ſons of bliſs,
Whoſe hope was center'd there while cloſe confin'd in this.
But I muſt quit the darling theme divine,
And to ſuperior bards the glorious taſk reſign.
Swift from the humble grot, my favourite place,
The roving muſe muſt aim at diſtant ſpace;
To *Merlin*'s Cave impartial ſhe retreats,
And her delightful toils afreſh repeats.
Thatch'd with old ſtraw and bound by rural bard,
Like a large barn that fronts the farmer's yard,
The homely roof erects its lowly head,
And ſcarce appears to light: but juſt ſurvey'd
Between the op'ning boughs, aloft in air,
The thick'ning ſpires of rev'rend elms appear,
Promiſcuous claſh, mild *Zephirs* ſportive play,
From bough to bough the ruſt'ling leaves convey
The murm'ring ſound, from branch to branch on high,
Till in the wide expanſe the feeble *Zephirs* die.
Juſt o'er the cave with unambitious ſtate,
Weak willows riſe but of a modern date;
With painful nod the little twigs extend,
Around the roof; each ſide propitious blend
Their leafy members, glory of the place,
Then wave reluctant from the lov'd embrace.
In artleſs fold the twiſting wreaths combine,
To ſkreen the cave from ſol's exuberant ſhine.
Silence perpetual ſits on ev'ry ſide,
And the low cot ſtands dreſt with gloomy pride;
The ſolemn breeze and cool refreſhing air,
And hovering ſhades keep conſtant cent'ry there.
The op'ning valves admit her curious gueſt,
Impatient to behold the wond'rous ſcene undreſt.
Ent'ring the cave the rich apartment ſmiles,
Replete with all the muſe's grateful toils;
The nobleſt authors, great *Apollo*'s race,
Sons of immortal fame, and ſons of grace,
Blended in beauteous order rang'd compleat
With more than native beauty grace the ſeat.
Merlin ſits anxious o'er his glaſſy globe,
The reverend ſenior ſmiles, and plain his robe,
With honeſt beauty circl'ing in his face;
His ſecretary ſmiles with lovely grace,
With pen in hand he ſeems intent to write,
And thoughtful waits with half-erected ſight,
His rev'rend maſter's nod, anxious to hear
The ſage inſtructor dictate to his ear.
On one ſide mimick'd to the life, appears
The beauteous queen, and far advanc'd in years
Her honeſt nurſe, by waſting age impair'd,
Friend to religion and for virtue ſpar'd.
On t'other hand ſtand graceful to be ſeen
The propheteſs and *Amazonian* queen.
Here painted marble wears a ſanguine dye,
And mimick'd nature half deceives the eye.
When heav'n to men ſuch matchleſs art beſtows,
To finite mortals heav'nly wiſdom ſhows,
New worlds ſhall riſe, as antient poets told,
And youth in marble never vaniſh old.
But 'tis in vain, 'tis but a finite art,
For heav'n to mortal men will ne'er impart
Creating power. 'Tis thine, Almighty God,
To form a world with a commanding nod,
Thine to repair her waſting walls again,
Then ſpurn the riſing fabric to the plain.
If finite beings form a beauteous frame,
'Tis but an image void of vital flame.
No mortal can infuſe a blaſt of breath
To lifeleſs clay, or ſkreen a dying worm from death.

[*To be continued.*]

To a certain MISER. *Occaſion'd by an oſtentatious Donation he made after a* Charity-Sermon, *on the following Text,* Charity covers a Multitude of Sins.

CROESUS! with leave, why ſo perverſe,
To laviſh in an hour
The hoarded ſpoil of many years,
The plunder of the poor?

Think you, this pomp of charities
Will for your theſts atone?
Or will it ſilence the juſt cries
Of many you've undone?

Can in the pound a farthing given
Repay the ſums you ſtole?
Hope you, compounding thus with heaven
Will ſave your bankrupt ſoul?

No, no: ſuch craft will ne'er ſuffice
To clear you of your guilt:
For charity is but a vice,
If not on juſtice built.

Till you, your pilfer'd bags reſtore,
Your bounty's all a jeſt:
'Tis laviſhing your neighbour's ſtore,
And robbery at the beſt.

The charity you ought t' expreſs
From honeſty muſt flow:
Firſt thoſe whom you have wrong'd redreſs,
And pay the ſums you owe.

Then you yourſelf perhaps may want
The alms you now diſpenſe;
And they, who crave it, then may grant,
To help your indigence.

Then great (howe'er the ſum be ſmall)
Your charity will riſe:
None will to God for vengeance call,
But pray you to the ſkies.

Then

Then firſt, then truly opulent,
Th' Almighty to appeaſe;
Your hands and heart more innocent,
An humble mite will pleaſe.

F. BLYTH.

The BACHELOR'S LIFE. *To the Tune in* The King and the Miller.

1.

IF that man is moſt happy, whoſe life is moſt free,
How bliſsful a ſtate muſt the bachelor's be!
From one friend to t'other at pleaſure he roams,
For the bachelor's welcome where ever he comes.

If he's bleſt with enough, and content in his ſtation,
The whole world he may claim as his free habitation.
He's in no place a ſtranger from *London* to *Rome*;
For where ever he is, is the bachelor's home.

2.

If a huſband can boaſt greater bleſſings than theſe,
They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom and eaſe:
While with liberty, leiſure, and merriment crown'd,
The bachelor's minutes dance jovially round.

Tho' his houſe ben't ſo nice, he is ſure to be neat,
And the ladies are always well pleas'd with his treat.
By the ſmack of their lips they at parting declare,
How delicious a feaſt they think bachelor's fare.

3.

Oh rather, far rather, good fortune, for me
The peaceable ſtall of a cobler decree,
Undiſturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king, and a cuckold, for life.

To my wiſhes, inſteed of a miſtreſs, commend
The more ſolid delight to be found in a friend.
Go wed, if horn'd, hen-peck'd, and wretched you'd be;
But if bleſt you'd continue, continue as we.

The HUSBAND'S LIFE.

AS in a vernal evening fair,
Damon and *Cælia* (happy pair!)
Sate on a flow'ry bank reclin'd;
Beneath a fragrant myrtle's ſhade,
While their young offſpring round 'em play'd,
Thus raviſh'd *Damon* op'd his mind.

Oh! what a happy ſtate is this!
My *Cælia!* what a heaven of bliſs
Does love, pure, lawful love ſupply!
Whether I turn my look on thee,
Or yonder infant charmers ſee,
Still views of joy ſalute my eye.

Life's higheſt bleſſings all are mine,
And doubly ſo by being thine.
Dear crown of all that I enjoy!
No anxious guilty thoughts I find,
To diſcompoſe my peace of mind;
Pure love yields ſweets without alloy.

I draw no ruin'd virgin's tear,
No injur'd parent's curſe I hear,
I dread no violated laws:
I loſe no honour, waſte no wealth,
With no diſeaſes wound my health,
Foul as the ſhameful crime their cauſe.

Our holy union heaven approves,
And ſmiles indulgent on our loves,
As our unnumber'd bleſſings ſhow:
Oh! let our virtue then improve,
Let us ſecure more bliſs above;
For more we cannot wiſh below.

Concluſion of the SEAT OF DEATH. (See Vol. VI. p. 700.)

AS I advent'rous mortal nearer drew,
A long, extending train appear'd in view,
Slowly advancing on a ſpacious road
Directly pointing to the vaſt abode,
Puſh'd grimly on by a tremendous foe,
Whoſe dread will daſh the ſweets of life with woe;
Proud of his poſt, determin'd to maintain
His full-grown glory, and his monarch's reign.
Intemp'rance was the name the monſter bore,
Beneath the direful terrors of whoſe pow'r,
Heroes but late deſcended from the wars,
Graceful in duſt, and over-run with ſcars;
Princes, beneath whoſe undetermin'd ſway,
Rebels muſt mould their tempers to obey,
And tuneful poets, whoſe diſtinguiſh'd name
Long ſhall adorn the chronicles of fame;
With haughty coxcombs, whoſe inglorious days
Were ſpent in ſloth, and laviſh'd out at plays;
In all the blooming beauties of their age,
Have fell as victims to his boundleſs rage.
In wild affright I join'd the ſorrowing train,
And limp'd on dully to the rev'rend fane.
And firſt a ſtretching rank of cypreſs trees,
Toſt to and fro, as ſportive whirlwinds pleaſe;
Staring in air, and in a ſable hue,
Adding freſh ſcenes of terror, roſe in view.
When this was paſs'd, a wide expanding gate
Of poliſh'd braſs, extravagantly great,
(From whoſe foundations, tides of human gore
Guſh forth amain, and violently roar,
Round the large compaſs of the pompous tow'r)
Led on our trembling footſteps to the dome,
Whoſe gloomy portal was an ample room,
Vaulted around, beneath whoſe awful ſhade,
Thouſands of arrows were confus'dly laid,
Which barb'd with fire mount from the twanging bow,
And wing deſtruction to the tribes below.
Still we lagg'd onwards till at length we ſaw,
At humble diſtance in the pomp of awe,
A griſly form, who ſeem'd advanc'd in age,
But ſeem'd not weak'ned or in ſtrength or rage;

He

He grasp'd an ebon sceptre in his hand,
The dreadful ensign of his high command;
A studded garment drench'd in vital blood,
Wav'd from his back, and to his sandals flow'd;
With hoary majesty he fill'd his throne,
Rais'd up of solid and ensculptur'd stone.
Death was the monarch's soul: alarming name!
So oft recorded in the rolls of fame;
Soon as he saw, he started from his seat,
And now resolv'd to give the last defeat;
In haste he whirl'd his sov'reign wand away,
And grasp'd his shafts that on a column lay,
And, breathing instant slaughter, with a nod,
Bid all appear in his august abode;
Throw off the useless honours which they wore,
And bend and fall submissive to his pow'r;
But oh! what tears, what supplicating cries,
Pierc'd the sad dome, and roll'd adown their eyes,
When they began to scan their num'rous faults,
Their crimes in words, in actions, or in thoughts!
When they reflected how they spent their hours
In am'rous pastime, and encircling bow'rs;
Or in a tavern quaff'd the richest wine,
And with loud slander mock'd the grave divine,
Till weeping reason left their hateful breast,
And all the *man* was swallow'd in the *beast*.
But not their pray'rs, and wild excessive grief,
Could yield the faintest shadow of relief;
For now they reach'd the grisly monarch's seat,
And bow'd in low prostration at his feet:
When strait, in all the terrors of his rage,
Which not the proudest tyrant can assuage,
He snatch'd a grove of deep empoison'd darts,
And hurl'd his hissing vengeance at their hearts;
And strait each mortal sunk upon the wound,
Struggled in blood, and totter'd to the ground.
Their stiff'ned limbs were instantly convey'd
Far from the dome t'augment the numerous dead;
But oh! their spirits, loth to quit their clay,
To fiends infernal dropt a speedy prey,
And in disorder, terror and despair,
Were hurried headlong thro' the parting air,
Down to the realms of everlasting night,
Where no pale sun-beam darts its feebleſt light;
There bound in gloomy adamantine chains,
And lash'd with quick unsufferable pains,
The wretches howl, yet dread that awful day,
When the last trump shall rouze their slumb'ring clay;
And fuller tides of wrath begin to roll
Across their flesh, united to their soul.
But midst these horrid scenes, and wild surprize,
I wak'd and roll'd around my startled eyes,
And gladly found me stretcht upon my bed,
Circled with night's impenetrable shade.

AUDAX.

JOTHAM's *PARABLE*. Judges IX.
By a young Lady.

THE trees to politicks inclin'd,
To form a constitution join'd,
Resolv'd to stand the test of fate,
They aim at monarchy and state;
Produce of their debates, consent
To institute a government,
And one of the fraternal race
Should deign to take the monarch's place.
An universal joy expreſt,
The olive-tree was thus addreſt:
Take thou the sceptre in thy hands,
And we'll submit to thy commands.
But he disdain'd the regal pride,
And to the suppliant tribe reply'd;
Shall I, who give the nations peace,
And bid the thund'ring warriours ceaſe;
Who when atoning rites are given,
Ascend in curling clouds to heaven?
Shall I exchange my fat away,
In lieu of crowns, and princely sway?
The fig-tree next to reign was preſt,
Who thus his scornful thoughts expreſt;
Shall I renounce my luscious fruit,
And yield to your submissive suit?
I'll rather call my leaves my own,
And spurn the honours of a throne.
Again repuls'd; with like succeſs,
The vine receives the third addreſs,
Who thus replies with high disdain,
Shall I, to purchaſe power to reign,
Ceaſe at each season to produce
Eternal streams of purple juice?
No more with gen'rous wine restore,
The lab'ring powers that flag'd before?
No more the monarch's table grace,
Nor flush with beauty's charms the face?
Still disappointed in their aim,
The rev'rend council thus exclaim,
Perhaps the bramble fraught with pride,
May gird the sceptre to his side,
They spoke, and cringing to the ground,
Invok'd the bramble to be crown'd;
Take the majestic seat, they cry,
At thy beheſt we'll live, or die.
'Tis done; and with ambitious pride,
The stupid bramble thus reply'd,
If, the result of your debate,
I sit enthron'd in robes of state,
Veſted with power I'll spread my sway,
My dictates you muſt swift obey,
Beneath my shade your truſt repoſe,
A shelter from impending woes;
But if a trait'rous race you prove,
Nor dread my hate, nor wiſh my love,
Hiſs at my frown, nor court my praiſe,
Strait I'll emit a vengeful blaze,
At once consume the lofty'ſt bough
On *Lebanon*'s immortal brow.

FLORELLA.

On Miſs C——R *singing.*

WHEN *Cælia*, beautiful, genteel, and young,
Rolls the ſoft accents from her tuneful tongue;

In ſilent rapture ſtand the youth around,
And feel the force of beauty and of ſound.
The miſer ſtruck forgets the gainful plan,
The beau his ſnuff-box, the coquet her fan.
E'en *Gatty*'s tongue yields to her wond'ring ear,
She deigns for once another's voice to hear.
Such power has muſick when with beauty join'd;
Not to be charm'd, is to be deaf and blind.

On the ſame: By another Hand.

WHAT means my heart? What charm is this I hear? [ear?
What ſound ſeraphick ſtrikes my liſt'ning
Do aerial ſpirits on expanded wing
Tune theſe ſoft notes? Or does *Miranda* ſing?
'Tis ſhe! that lovely maid! whoſe *Syren* art
Tranſports the ſoul, and fires the raptur'd heart.
The tuneful ſong reſounds in ev'ry dale,
And warbling echoes chant it thro' each vale.
See how the youth an awful ſilence keep,
Soft fan the Zephyrs, gently rolls the deep.
The lab'ring bees now ceaſe their thyme to bring,
The clown to whiſtle, and the birds to ſing,
The ſtreams to murmur, nay ſcarce ſeem to glide;
And *Damon*'s flute's neglected thrown aſide.
The ſage no more does with attention view
The ſpangled concave; his ſole object's you.
Charm'd with the melody, e'en frenzy's calm'd,
The ſavage ſoft'ned, and the ſtoick warm'd.
All kinds, all orders, teſtify ſurprize,
And own the magick of your voice and eyes.
Harmonious maid! what heart can 'ſcape a wound,
When matchleſs beauty joins ſo ſweet a ſound?
Struck with amaze, we feel love's pleaſing ſmart
Ruſh in each vein, and thrill in ev'ry part.
Long may thy beauties in full luſtre ſhine,
Charm ev'ry eye, and bleſs the banks of *Tyne!*

Newcaſtle upon Tyne. THEODORE.

On the DEATH of Dr. SEWELL.

IN vain the muſe attempts to tune the lyre,
Invokes the god, requeſts his ſacred fire;
In vain from muſic's charms ſhe ſeeks relief,
And in ſoft accents vents her piercing grief;
The ſoul who did her genuine worth diſplay,
Point out the prize, and mark the glorious way,
Who juſtly knew to cenſure and to write,
Struck by untimely fate, is ſunk in ſhades of night.
Ye ſons of *Pæan!* touch the plaintive ſtring!
In numbers, ſoft as his, your dirges ſing!
Ye great poſſeſſors of *Machaon*'s fame!
The healing bard with mournful rev'rence name.
'Twas he *Apollo*'s double gift enjoy'd,
Breath'd tuneful ſounds, and pow'rful herbs employ'd;
And whilſt his hand repell'd the fever's rage,
His ſoothing verſe cou'd all its pains aſſuage.
Genius divine! in thy conſummate mind
The *Coan*'s ſkill and *Mantuan*'s wit were join'd.
Reviv'd by thee the * patriot's virtues ſhine;
His god-like freedom breathes in ev'ry line:
How pure the diction! and the thoughts how bold!
How perfect all! ſo *Sophocles* of old,
So great *Euripides* with tragic rage
Sublimely thunder'd on the *Grecian* ſtage,
Rais'd virtuous hearts, and form'd the gen'rous age.
Thy grateful verſe † to future times tranſmits
The beſt of patrons, and the beſt of wits:
The celebrated ſtateſman's deathleſs praiſe
Lives in his own, and thy immortal lays.
Thou hail'dſt the ‡ day when fate propitious gave [ſave.
The mighty GEORGE our tott'ring realm to
But when thy muſe her tribute paid to love,
Thy am'rous ſtrains could ev'n a ſtoic move:
Thy *Cupid* kindled in the breaſt deſire,
Bright as the ſun, and pure as veſtal fire.
Thus while the world thy brows with laurel bound,
Bleſt the phyſician, and the poet crown'd,
Relentleſs death's reſiſtleſs hand prevail'd,
And the phyſician, and the poet fail'd.
In vain *Apollo* interpos'd his pow'r,
In vain the muſes charm'd the fatal hour.
The gloomy monarch, with his deadly dart,
Deſpis'd thy boaſted ſkill, and pierc'd thy heart. [clin'd
Oh! had good heav'n, to grant our wiſh in-
Prolong'd thy breath, in favour to mankind,
Sublimer notes thy matchleſs muſe had ſung,
Refin'd our lays, and ſmooth'd our rougher tongue;
And then the ſacred ſiſters ſtill had ſtay'd
In *Britain*'s groves, nor ſought a foreign ſhade.

The Latin POEM *in our laſt*, Vol. VI. p. 696, *is a Tranſlation of the following, which we therefore think proper to give our Readers.*

An ODE *to the* CREATOR of the WORLD; *occaſioned by the Fragments of* Orpheus.

I.

O MUSE unfeign'd! O true celeſtial fire!
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Deſcend!

* *Tragedy of Sir* W. Raleigh. † *Epiſtle to Mr.* Addiſon, *on the Death of the Earl of* Halifax. ‡ *Poem on his Majeſty's Acceſſion.*

Deſcend! a mortal tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great immortal lay;
Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated lyre!
Hence ye prophane! be far away!
Hence all ye impious ſlaves that bow
To idol luſts, or altars raiſe,
And to falſe heroes give fantaſtick praiſe!
And hence, ye gods, who to a crime your
ſpurious beings owe! [profound!
But hear, O heaven and earth, and ſeas
Hear, ye unfathom'd deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the ſound;
Let nature trembling all around,
Attend her maſter's awful name,
From whom heav'n, earth, and ſeas, and all
the wide creation came.

II.

He ſpoke the great command, and light,
Heaven's eldeſt born and faireſt child,
Flaſh'd in the low'ring face of antient night,
And pleas'd with its own birth, ſerenely ſmil'd.
The ſons of morning, on the wing,
Hov'ring in choirs his praiſes ſing;
When from th' unbounded vacuous ſpace
A beauteous riſing world they ſaw,
When nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd face,
And motion took th' eſtabliſh'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When time was taught his infant wings
to try, [race.
And from the barrier ſprung to his appointed

III.

Supreme, Almighty, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis he, the great inſpiring mind,
That animates and moves this univerſal frame,
Preſent at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not heav'n itſelf can bound his ſway.
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the ſky,
Inviſible to mortal eye
He dwells in uncreated day,
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeaſur'd growing orb of vaſt
immenſity.

IV.

What pow'r but his can rule the changeful
main, [reſtrain?
And wake the ſleeping ſtorm, or its loud rage
When winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd ocean proudly ſwells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murm'ring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the ſpent tempeſt dies upon the ſhore.
The meteor world is his, heav'n's wintry ſtore,
The moulded hail, the feather'd ſnow;
The ſummer breeze, the ſoft refreſhing
ſhow'r, [bow;
The looſe-divided cloud, and many-colour'd
The crooked lightning darts around,
His ſov'reign orders to fulfil;
The ſhooting flame obeys th' eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand inſtructed where
to kill, [ſhelter'd ground.
Or rive the mountain-oak, or blaſt th' un-

V.

Yet pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He, with a father's tender care
Supports the num'rous family
That peoples earth, and ſea, and air:
From nature's giant race, th' enormous ele-
phant,
Down to the inſect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, ſov'reign of the ſky,
To each inferior feather'd brood:
From crowns and purple majeſty,
To humble ſhepherds on the plains,
His hand unſeen divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide view his eye ſurveys
His works, in every diſtant clime;
He ſhifts the ſeaſons, months, and days,
The ſhort-liv'd offspring of revolving time;
By turns they die, by turns are born;
Now cheerful *ſpring* the circle leads,
And ſtrows with flow'rs the ſmiling
meads; [dorn,
Gay *ſummer* next, whom ruſſet robes a-
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then *autumn*, who with laviſh ſtores the lap
of nature ſpreads:
Decrepid *winter*, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble age oppreſs'd with pain)
A heavy ſeaſon does maintain,
With driving ſnows, and winds, and rain;
Till *ſpring*, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou great ador'd! who can
withſtand
The terrors of thy liſted hand,
When long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conſcious nature to her centre ſhakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale fear and wild confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable ſound,
The ſhock of earth and ſeas, and labour of
the ſkies!
Then where's ambition's haughty creſt?
Where the gay head of wanton pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wiſh the opening
ground
Would take them quick to ſhades of reſt,
And in their common parent's breaſt
From thee their bury'd forms for ever hide;
In vain——for all the elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd earth, the ruſhing ſea,
Tempeſtuous air, and raging fire,
To puniſh vile mankind and fight for thee;
Nor death itſelf can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, eternal is the woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* all
Ye mighty lords that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of earth, the living deſtinies
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now?
Say, where preſerv'd your phantom glory lies?

Can braſs the fleeting thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling time, and ſcorn decay?
Ah no! the mouldring monuments of fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame maſs of clay.

IX.

Proceed, my muſe! time's waſting thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravell'd clue,
When cities ſink, and kingdoms are no more;
And weary nature ſhall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of fate!
Myriads of ſpirits fill the ſky
T' attend with dread ſolemnity
The world's laſt ſcene, and time's concluding date.
The feeble race of ſhort-liv'd vanity
And fickly pomp at once ſhall die;
Foul guilt to midnight caves will ſhrink away,
Look back and tremble in her flight,
And curſe at heav'n's purſuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.
How will ye then, ye impious, 'ſcape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliſs ſhall melt before your ſight,
Yet ſhall you not the giddy chace refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But ſigh a long eternity of pain,
Toſt in an ocean of deſire, yet never find a ſhore.

X.

But ſee, where the mild ſovereign ſits prepar'd
His better ſubjects to reward!
Where am I now! what pow'r divine
Tranſports me! what immortal ſplendors ſhine!
Torrents of glory that oppreſs the ſight!
What joys, celeſtial king! thy throne ſurround! [bright,
The ſun, who with thy borrow'd beams is
Sees not his peer in all the ſtarry round,
Would here, diminiſh'd, fade away,
Like his pale ſiſter of the night
When ſhe reſigns her delegated light,
Loſt in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place:——
Then, muſe, th' adventrous flight forbear!
Theſe myſtick ſcenes thou canſt no farther trace; [brace,
Hope may ſome boundleſs future bliſs em-
But *what*, or *when*, or *how*, or *where*,
Are mazes all, which fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vaſt, immeaſureable thought contain.

A HYMN *to the* MORNING,

Attempted in Miltonic *Verſe.*

HAIL life-inſpiring *light!* at thy approach
The ſable night with all its terror flies,
And every bird with joyous note ſalutes
The riſing dawn: the honeſt labouring ox
Welcomes with grateful low thy early ray;
Each *vegetable* lifts its verdant head,
Expands its leaves, and breaths forth all its ſweets,
To uſher in thy kind enliv'ning beams:
All nature ſeems reviv'd, and ſmiling owns
The happy influence of thy pleaſing power.
Then let me join the *chorus* of the world,
And when thy ſource, the ruler of the day,
Crimſons the ſkies, and gilds the mountain top,
Let me (redeem'd once more from duſky night)
With thankful heart behold its dawning riſe,
That liſts my thoughts contemplative above
Its ſphere, whence its emborrow'd luſtre flows,
That firſt produc'd, and bad *creation* ſpring
From dark diſjointed *chaos*, and ordain'd
The *univerſe* to know its certain bounds.
But oh! in vain my feeble mind aſpires
To ſpeak his praiſe unutterable; my ſoul
Is loſt, and blinded wanders in the blaze
Of boundleſs light, nor can its finite thoughts
Ideas form of eſſence infinite!
Then let me trace him in his works below,
And thou, oh ſacred *truth!* lend me thy aid;
Guiding my feeble ſteps thro' the dark maze
Of *myſtery*, and from religion's face
Take off th' *enthuſiaſtick* maſk, that ſhe
With native brightneſs may enlight my ſoul,
And fit me for *eternity* and *bliſs*.

A HYMN *to* NIGHT,

Attempted in the ſame Verſe.

COME, gentle *night*, thou labour-ceaſing ſhade,
Haſte, bring thy balmy duſk to eaſe my eyes,
Wearied with ſights of *vanity* and *woe*:
Hide me from *vice*'s gilded pompous train,
Which like th' inſidious ſerpent bears unſeen
Deſtruction in his gaudy glitt'ring coat;
And turn my mental eyes upon myſelf,
That I with meditating ſearch may pry,
And quite expunge the errors of my ſoul.
Let thy companion *ſleep* attend thy ſteps,
And in his downy arms my ſenſes ſooth,
With pleaſing dreams inſpiring harmleſs joys;
Or when thy *broad-ey'd regent* calls me forth
To view her courſe, as ſhe encircled rides
Amidſt the blaze of thouſand ſtars reſplendent,
Let *contemplation* lift me 'bove their ſpheres,
To think, and in my ſecret, grateful ſoul,
With *adoration* bow ſincere, before
The great Creator of their orbs and ours.

The Humble Suppleant, *and* Letter *with it, are come to Hand.*

THE

THE
Monthly Chronologer.

THE 29th of laſt Month, the Cliff above *Dicky Dickenſon*'s Houſe at *Scarborough* fell down with a terrible Noiſe, and rais'd the *Key* and *Spaw* Well at leaſt 20 Feet. It's reckon'd the Ground that fell in makes near an Acre. The *Spaw* was cover'd with Rubbiſh, and Men were preſently order'd to work, to clear it away, and open and cleanſe the Springs.

About the ſame Time, *John Cockran*, Eſq; Lieutenant-Colonel and Captain of a Company in Col. *Oglethorpe*'s Regiment of Foot, together with Major *Cook*, Capt. *Mackay*, and ſeveral other Officers belonging to the ſaid Regiment, as alſo the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*, embark'd on board a Ship in the River for *Georgia*.

The following Accident happened lately at *Bedford*. About ſix Weeks ago, one Mr. *Thomas Field*, of the *Bury* Farm in that Town, and one *Brownſell* a Labourer, were both bit by a mad Dog; they went directly to *Boſton* in *Lincolnſhire*, and were dipped in the ſalt Water there; Mr. *Field* had a large Wound where the Dog bit him, which kept open, and diſcharged the venomous Infection; but *Brownſell*'s Bite healed up, and he was to all Appearance well, but on the *Friday* about this Time, he was taken ill, and on *Saturday* was raving mad, barking and howling like a Dog, and biting at every Thing in his Way; he had Intervals that he was ſenſible, when he deſired to be tied down to the Bed to prevent his doing Miſchief, and begged not to be ſmothered, as People are in his unhappy Caſe, but deſired to be bled to Death; accordingly on *Saturday* Night he had a Vein opened by a Surgeon of that Place, and bled till *Sunday* Morning, when he expired in that miſerable Condition.

SATURDAY, *Jan.* 7.

A melancholy Accident happened at Mr. *Snowden*'s Brewhouſe at *Fleetditch*; a young Lad of about 13 Years of Age going up a Ladder, fell backwards under a Mill where the Malt was grinding, and before he could recover himſelf, one of the Teeth of the Mill catch'd hold of him and ript his Body open, ſo that he died inſtantly.

THURSDAY, 12.

The following Gentlemen were appointed by his Majeſty to be Sheriffs for the preſent Year, *viz.* For *Berks*, Joſeph Cox of Stanford, Eſq; — *Bedfordſh.* David Williams of Tingrith, Eſq; — *Bucks*, Richard Lowndes of Winſlow, Eſq; — *Cumberland*, John Gaſkarth of Hiltop, Eſq; — *Cheſhire*, William Tarton of Whittinſhaw, Eſq; — *Cambr. and Huntingdon*, Richard Hitch, Eſq; — *Devon.* Geo. Buck, Eſq; — *Derbyſh.* Sir Robert Burdett, Bart. — *Dorſet.* Henry Bower, Eſq; — *Eſſex*, Hugh Smith, Eſq; — *Glouceſterſh.* Ambroſe Boulden, Eſq; — *Hertfordſh.* William Gape of St. Albans, Eſq; — *Herefordſh.* Thomas Read, Eſq; — *Kent*, Chriſtopher Mills, Eſq; — *Leiceſterſh.* John Paine, Eſq; — *Lincolnſh.* John Wells, Eſq; — *Monmouthſh.* William Saye, Eſq; — *Northumb.* James Hargrave of Shawdon, Eſq; — *Northamptonſh.* Charles Tryon, Eſq; — *Norfolk*, Thomas Bell, Eſq; — *Nottinghamſh.* Joſeph Cley, Eſq; — *Oxfordſh.* John Clarke, Eſq; — *Rutlandſh.* Thomas Bradgate, Eſq; — *Shropſh.* Adam Ollay, Eſq; — *Somerſetſh.* James Chaffey Cowper, Eſq; — *Staffordſh.* Richard Fowler, Eſq; — *Suffolk*, Sir William Barker, Bart. — *Southamp.* John Burrard, Eſq; — *Surrey*, William Clarke, Eſq; — *Suſſex*, Edward Parker, Eſq; — *Warwickſh.* Pudſey Jeſſon, Eſq; — *Wiltſh.* Iſaac Warriner, Eſq; — *Worceſterſh.* John Parrot of Bel Brokton, Eſq; — *Yorkſh.* Sir Hugh Smithſon, Bart. — For *South-Wales*: *Brecon*, Charles Powell of Brecon, Eſq; — *Carmarthenſh.* James Lewis of Lanbody, Eſq; — *Cardiganſh.* Francis Ingram of Llanllery, Eſq; — *Glamorganſh.* Edmund Lloyd of Cardiffe, Eſq; — *Pembrokeſh.* George Harris of Tregwint, Eſq; — *Radnorſh.* Thomas Jones of Cwmtoyddwr, Eſq; — For *North-Wales*: *Angleſea*, William Robinſon of Monachn, Eſq; — *Carnarvonſh.* Hum. Meredith of Pengwren, Eſq; — *Denbighſh.* John Jones of Squinant, Eſq; — *Flintſh.* Edward Morgan of Golden Grove, Eſq; — *Merionethſh.* John Lloyd of Vachddeiliog, Eſq; — *Montgomeryſh.* Morgan Edwards of Mellynyrig, Eſq;

FRIDAY, 13.

Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Wales* was ſaid to be with Child; and on this Day, her Royal Highneſs was blooded, by Way of Precaution.

SATURDAY, 14.

This Morning between 1 and 2 o'Clock, a moſt dreadful Fire broke out in the Kitchen of Mr. *Baſket*'s Dwelling-Houſe in *Black-Friars*, Printer to his Majeſty, which in a ſhort Time conſum'd the ſame, and the King's Printing-Houſe adjoining. The Fire was ſo ſudden and violent, that the Family ſaved themſelves with the utmoſt Difficulty. The Printing-Houſe was very grand, and the fineſt of the Kind in the World; the Printing-

Materials

Materials alone amounted to several thousand Pounds, besides a vast Number of Bibles, Common-Prayer Books, Acts of Parliament, *&c.* which were entirely consum'd. 'Tis said the Loss in the Whole amounts to near 20,000 *l.*

MONDAY, 16.

This Day the Sessions ended at the *Old-Bailey*, when the 12 following Prisoners receiv'd Sentence of Death, *viz. Robert Brownjohn*, for sending an Incendiary Letter to Mr. *Bell* in *Lombard-street*.—*James Cope*, for stealing a Drawer with Plate and other Things to the Value of 20 *l.*—*Thomas Jenkins*, for privately stealing a Silver Watch from Mr. *Munday*.—*George Price*, for the Murder of his Wife on *Hounslow-Heath*.—*John Margets* and *William Ifield*, for robbing *Isabella Cotes* on the Highway.—*John Birt*, for robbing Mr. *John Berry* near *Islington*.—*Thomas Oliver* and *John Perrott*, for robbing *Matthias Holst* on the Highway near *Holloway*, of a Watch and a Pair of Silver Buckles.—*John Waterman*, for robbing *Thomas Wheeler* near *Islington* of a Silver Watch.—*John Gardiner* and *Isaac Mottershead*, for breaking open a Box belonging to a Society held at the *White Lyon* in *Gracechurch-street*, and stealing thereout a Bond of 100 *l.* —— *Garrat Urall* was try'd for the Murder of his Wife, and found guilty of Manslaughter. Forty-four were cast for Transportation, and Thirteen acquitted.

WEDNESDAY, 18.

This Day the 13 following Malefactors condemn'd in *October* and *December*, were executed at *Tyburn*, viz. *Thomas Carr* and *Elizabeth Adams*, for robbing Mr. *Quarrington* of 93 Guineas, *&c.*—*Sarah Allen*, for the Murder of her Bastard Child.—*Alexander Radcliffe*, for robbing and shooting Mr. *Gibson*, a Baker, at *Islington*, about two Years ago.—*Thomas Watson*, for stealing Cloaths, *&c.*—*William Hardisty*, *William Brown*, *Terry Garrard*, and *Joseph Shaw*, for robbing on the Highway.—*Eliz. Osborne* and *Anne Clarke*, for breaking the House of *John Wilson*.—*John Lane*, for robbing *Anne Porter* in *Horsey-Wood*.—And *Isaac Whitehead*, for Horse stealing.—*Charlotte Grigg*, *Sam. Bugden*, *Grafton Kirk*, and *Abr. Davenport* were repriev'd. (See Vol. VI. p. 576, 703.) *Carr* the Attorney, and Mrs. *Adams*, went in two Mourning Coaches to *Tyburn*, and the other 11 Malefactors in Carts: *Carr* and *Adams* received the Sacrament on Sunday, and utterly denied the Fact they were condemned for. On Monday Night *Carr* receiv'd a Bill of the Charges of his Funeral, and read the *Items* over, seemingly, with great Composure, and stood up and had Measure taken of him for a Coffin, and said nothing troubled him, but the Scandal his ignominious Death would throw on his Family and Relations. When they came to *Tyburn*, they were all put in one Cart. *Carr* and *Adams* both behaved in a sedate Manner. *Carr*, just before he was tun'd off, several Times desired the Company to take Notice, *He was innocent, and was not guilty of the Fact he was to die for*; and just as the Cart drew away he kissed Mrs. *Adams*, and they went off Hand in Hand.

About this Time a Grampus, 54 Feet in Length, and every other Way in Proportion, was drove on Shoar by the Tide, at *Hauxley* in *Northumberland*.

It has been declared at Court, that her Royal Highness the Princess of *Orange* is advanced into the 6th Month of her Pregnancy.

An EPITAPH *on her late* MAJESTY.

Here lie the Remains of *CAROLINE*,
Queen Consort of *Great Britain*.
Whose Virtues
Her Friends when living knew and enjoy'd;
Now dead, Her Foes confess and admire.
Her Ambition aspir'd to Wisdom,
And attained it:
To Knowledge,
And it filled Her Mind.
Patroness of the Wise,
And Friend of the Good:
She look'd, and modest Merit rais'd its Head:
She smil'd, and weeping Woe grew glad.
Religion, plain and simple,
Dignify'd Her Mind.
Despising Shew and useless Pageantry,
Morals clear and refin'd
Dwelt in Her Heart,
And guided all Her Actions.
Virtue She loved, beneath Her Smiles it flourished;
She frown'd on Vice, and it was put to shame.
In fine,
Her Life was a Publick Blessing,
Her Death is an universal Loss.

O Reader! if thou doubtest of these Things,
Ask the Cries of the Fatherless, they shall tell thee;
And the Tears of the Widow shall confirm their Truth;
The Sons of Wisdom, shall testify of Her,
And the Daughters of Virtue bear Her Witness;
The Voice of the Nation shall applaud Her,
And the Heart of the King shall sigh Her Praise.

An Elogy, superior to any Thing that is here said, was given to her Majesty 22 Years ago, by the immortal Mr. *Addison*, in the 21st *Freeholder*. (See that whole Paper, Vol. V. p. 120,)

THURSDAY, 19.

The following Gentlemen were chosen Directors of the *African* Company for the Year ensuing, *viz. Thomas Bodicoate*, *John Bodicoate*,

ceate, *Francis Boteler*, *Edw. Bullſtrode*, jun. Eſqrs; Mr. *John Carr*; *Robert Cruikſhank*, *Daniel Finch*, *John Gaſcoyne*, Eſqrs; Mr. *John Goddard*, Mr. *Edward Gouge*, Mr. *John Hickman*, Mr. *Thompſon Hayne*; *Atwill Lake*, *John Larocbe*, *John Lawton*, *Charles Lloyd*, *Robert Mann*, jun. Eſqrs; Mr. *Thomas Marſton*, Mr. *John May*; *Alex. Orchterlony*, *Henry Parſons*, *Benjamin Periam*, *Honorat Smith*, *Philip Wilkinſon*, Eſqrs;

FRIDAY, 20.

Was held a General Court of the *South-Sea* Company, when a Dividend of One and a Half *per Cent.* was declared on the Stock of the ſaid Company due at *Chriſtmas* laſt. The Warrants to be made payable the 6th of *February*.

TUESDAY, 24.

This Day his Majeſty went to the Houſe of Peers, and, the Commons being ſent for and attending, made the following moſt gracious Speech to both Houſes.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I Have called you together for the neceſſary Diſpatch of the Publick Buſineſs, which, I hope, will be carried on with that Prudence, and Expedition, which becomes the Wiſdom of Parliament.

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

I have ordered the Eſtimates for the Service of the current Year to be laid before you; and the Readineſs, which I have always found in you to make the neceſſary Proviſions for the Honour, Peace, and Security of My Crown, and Kingdoms, leaves Me no room to doubt of the ſame Zeal, Affection, and due Regard for the Support of My Government, and the Publick Safety.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I hope, you are met together, in a Diſpoſition to lay aſide all Heats, and Animoſities, which may unneceſſarily protract this Seſſion. I am determined, that the Affairs of the Publick ſhall ſuffer no Delay, or Interruption, from Me, upon any Account whatſoever.

WEDNESDAY, 25.

The Rt. Hon. the Houſe of Lords preſented their humble Addreſs to his Majeſty, as follows.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament aſſembled, beg leave to return your Majeſty our unfeigned Thanks for your moſt gracious Speech from the Throne.

It is with the greateſt Humility we take this firſt Opportunity of approaching your Royal Perſon, to lament the irreparable Loſs, ſuſtained by your Majeſty and theſe Kingdoms, in the Death of that excellent Princeſs, our late moſt gracious Queen; and with Hearts overwhelmed with Grief, to condole with your Majeſty, on this melancholy and ſolemn Occaſion.

To indulge ourſelves in reflecting upon the many great and amiable Qualities, which diſtinguiſhed her ſhining Character, and conſpired to form the greateſt Queen, the moſt endearing Conſort, and the beſt Parent, that ever made a Prince, a People, and a Royal Family happy, would only ſerve to aggravate your Majeſty's juſt Grief, and make thoſe Wounds bleed afreſh, which it is our Intereſt, and ſhall be our Endeavour, to heal. For if the Remembrance of the Bleſſings we enjoyed, from the happy Effects of her never forgotten Virtues, adds ſo much to the general Affliction, how deep a Senſe muſt it ſtrike into the Breaſt of your Majeſty, the immediate and daily Witneſs of her ineſtimable Accompliſhments!

At the ſame Time that we preſume to lay theſe imperfect Expreſſions of our real Sorrow at your Royal Feet, we cannot but bleſs God for the Preſervation of your Majeſty's moſt precious Life, on which the Welfare and Happineſs of theſe Kingdoms do in ſo great a Meaſure depend; humbly beſeeching your Majeſty, under this ſevere Misfortune, ſo to moderate your Grief, as not to endanger a Health of ſuch infinite Importance to all your People, and to exert that Princely Fortitude of Mind, which alone can revive our diſconſolate Spirits; and, by leſſening your Majeſty's Grief, alleviate that of your faithful Subjects.

Your Majeſty's gracious Declaration, that the Affairs of the Publick ſhall ſuffer no Delay or Interruption from you, on any Account whatſoever, is a freſh Inſtance of your Majeſty's making the Welfare of your People your firſt Care in all Circumſtances, and under all Trials; and muſt be the ſtrongeſt Inducement to us, if any were wanting, to lay aſide all Heats and Animoſities. As your Majeſty has always founded the Glory of your Reign, in preſerving the religious and civil Rights of your People, and ſteadily purſuing their Proſperity and Happineſs; ſo we, in return, place our great Security under God, for thoſe invaluable Bleſſings, in the Safety of your Majeſty's moſt ſacred Perſon and Government, which we will always ſupport to the utmoſt of our Power, excited by all the Ties of Duty and Gratitude, to perſevere with unalterable Zeal and Affection in our Loyalty to your Majeſty, and an unſhaken Regard to the Honour and Dignity of your Crown.

His Majeſty's moſt gracious Anſwer.

My Lords,

I thank you for this dutiful Addreſs, and for your Zeal for my Perſon and Government. The affectionate Manner in which you expreſs the juſt Senſe you have of my great Loſs, gives me the moſt acceptable Proof of your real Concern for me and my Family.

This Day *Richardſon* the Pirate, for the Murder of Capt. *Hartley*, was executed at

Exeter

Execution-Dock. He acknowledged the Fact, and the Juſtice of his Sentence, and exhorted the Commanders of Ships not to be too familiar with their Seamen; for on the firſt Diſguſt or Misfortune, the Men were inclin'd to think themſelves on a Par with them, and take the firſt Opportunity of proving themſelves their Maſters.

THURSDAY, 26.

The humble Addreſs of the Hon. Houſe of Commons was preſented to the King, as follows.

Moſt gracious Sovereign,

WE your Majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal Subjects the Commons of *Great Britain*, in Parliament aſſembled, beg Leave to return our moſt humble and grateful Thanks for your Majeſty's moſt gracious Speech from the Throne.

To ſpeak our utmoſt Senſe of the great Loſs your Majeſty and theſe Kingdoms have lately ſuſtained, would be to revive and aggravate, what we wiſh to alleviate and diſpel; but we hope your Majeſty will pardon the Intruſion of our ſincere Condolence, when you reflect on the double Duty, by which we are bound, as affectionate Subjects to your Majeſty, and as Repreſentatives of the People of *Great Britain*, not to paſs over in Silence this Object of your Diſtreſs and their univerſal Mourning.

When we reflect on the amiable private Character of that great Princeſs, on her perſonal and domeſtick Merit, as an indulgent and inſtructive Parent, a mild and gracious Miſtreſs; or, with regard to your Majeſty, as uniting in one all the different Characters of the moſt pleaſing as well as conſtant Companion; the moſt able as well as the moſt faithful Friend; the moſt tender as well as the moſt obſervant Wife; when we reflect on theſe Circumſtances, we mourn her Loſs, as the greateſt, with which your Majeſty and your Royal Houſe could have been afflicted: But when we turn our Thoughts to her great and publick Virtues, her Love of Juſtice, her Attachment to the Laws and Principles of this wiſe and happy Conſtitution, her extenſive Charities, her boundleſs Benevolence, her Succour to Diſtreſs, her Favour to Merit, her Lenity to all; when we conſider theſe Parts of her high Character, it is no longer for particular and perſonal Cauſes that we grieve; it is a National Loſs we lament.

If a due Submiſſion to ſuperior Authority, and a due Exerciſe of Power, when committed to her Hands, are the ſtrongeſt Marks of Excellence in both Parts of Government; and if theſe juſtly claim Praiſe and Admiration, how can we ſufficiently praiſe or admire her Conduct, either in the Preſence or Abſence of your Majeſty? In the firſt, we ſaw the moſt conſtant Compliance with your Will; in the laſt, the true Repreſentation of him, with whoſe delegated Authority ſhe was veſted; for all her Acts were great, and wiſe, and good; alternately we beheld her Submiſſion in this Character, and felt her Mildneſs in the other; and the Tranſition to her was eaſy, whoſe Abilities were equal to any Situation, and whoſe Temper could conform to all; as reſigned to the Duties of a Queen Conſort, as capable of the high Office of Guardian of the Realm; as ready to ſubmit, as able to command, and equally an Example to all Sovereigns, when ſhe ruled, and to all Subjects when ſhe obeyed.

And though your Majeſty's juſt and great Concern on this Occaſion would perhaps receive no Extenuation from the Comfort your faithful Commons might vainly try to adminiſter; yet, that nothing may be wanting on our Parts, which may contribute to the making your Majeſty's Government (the Source of our Proſperity) as eaſy to yourſelf, as it has ever been to your Subjects; we do aſſure your Majeſty, that we will not only carefully avoid all Heats and Animoſities, but will, with the greateſt Readineſs, effectually raiſe the Supplies neceſſary for the Service of the current Year, and with a Zeal and Affection becoming the Repreſentatives of a grateful People, make all neceſſary Proviſions for the Honour, Peace and Security of your Crown and Kingdoms; demonſtrating to all the World, that the Support of your Majeſty's Government, and the publick Safety, are conſtantly our Care, and that we deſire nothing more than the Preſervation of our wiſe and excellent Conſtitution in the ſame happy, firm and envied Situation, in which it was delivered down to us from our Anceſtors and your Majeſty's great Predeceſſors.

But whilſt by theſe Means we endeavour to prevent any additional Diſquiet from approaching your Royal Perſon, we muſt beg leave to lay again before your Majeſty the anxious Grief of your whole People, together with their humble and moſt earneſt Wiſhes, that your Majeſty's known Reſolution may aid Time, in alleviating your Sorrow for that Loſs, which nothing can repair, and in reſtoring to your Majeſty that Tranquillity of Mind, which can alone free us from the moſt ſolicitous Fears for a Life, on which the Happineſs of your Royal Family, and of this afflicted Nation, ſo immediately depends.

FRIDAY, 27.

Robert Cater, Eſq; Alderman of *Cheap* Ward, was choſen Sheriff of *London* and *Middleſex* for the preſent Year, in the Room of *Thomas Ruſſel*, Eſq; deceas'd.

About Two in the Afternoon a Fire broke out in *Dukes-Place*, which conſum'd upwards of 20 Houſes, and Part of Dr. *Watts*'s Meeting-Houſe, and damaged ſeveral other Houſes thereabouts.

MAR.

MARRIAGES *and* BIRTHS.

NARBOROUGH *D'aeth*, Eſq; eldeſt Son of Sir *Thomas D'aeth*, of *Knowlton* in *Kent*, Bart. to Miſs *Clarke*, Niece to Admiral *Haddock*.

James Hambleton, Eſq; of *Low-Layton*, to Miſs *Dolly Kendrick*.

Nathaniel Knipe, Eſq; Son to the late Sir *Randolph Knipe*, Knight and Alderman of this City, to Miſs *Thornton*.

Right Hon. the Earl of *Winchelſea* and *Nottingham*, to Miſs *Mary Palmer*, Daughter of Sir *Thomas Palmer*, of *Wingham*, in *Kent*, Bart.

Hon. Mr. *Arundell*, Son to the Right Hon. the Lord *Arundell* of *Wardour*, and Count of the Sacred *Roman* Empire, to Miſs *Arundell Bealing*.

George Somerville, Eſq; of *Chelmsford* in *Eſſex*, to Miſs *Moore*, of *Audley-End* in the ſame County.

Sir *Robert Throckmorton*, Bart. to Miſs *Collingwood*.

Hon. the Lord *Forbes*, eldeſt Son of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Granard*, to Miſs *Shepherd*.

Sir *Chaloner Ogle*, Knt. to Miſs *Ogle*, Daughter of Dr. *Ogle*, a Phyſician at *Newcaſtle* upon *Tyne*.

Rev. Mr. *Street* of *Iſlington*, to Mrs. *Hannah Barrow*.

Samuel Tatam, Eſq; to Mrs. *Cowdrey*.

Thomas Woodward, Eſq; a great Brewer at *Bedford*, to Miſs *Burtbray* of that Place.

Her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough* ſafely deliver'd of a Daughter.

Lady *Baltimore*, ſafely delivered of a Son.

DEATHS.

ROWLAND *Ingram*, Eſq; Head-Keeper of *Newgate*.

John Jacob, of *Lothbury*, Eſq;

Counteſs Dowager of *Bradford*.

Lady *Lewin*, Relict of Sir *William Lewin*.

Sir *Samuel Thorold*, Bart.

Rev. Mr. *Tho. Carter*, Chaplain to the Prince of *Wales*.

Brigadier-General *Kelloway*.

George Douglas, Earl of *Morton*, one of the 16 Peers for *Scotland*.

Rev. Mr. *Cumberland*, Archdeacon of *Northampton*.

Major *Liſle*, at *Northampton*.

At *Fiſield*, *Berks*, *Francis White*, Eſq; by whoſe Death 500*l. per Ann.* devolves to St. *John Baptiſt* College, *Oxon*.

Sir *Charles Hotham*, Bart.

John Breval, Eſq; Author of ſeveral Volumes of Travels.

At *Hampſtead*, Dr. *Seames*, an ingenious Phyſician.

Rev. Mr. *Wallis*, S. T. B. Profeſſor of *Arabick* in the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

Lady *Cullum*, Relict of Sir *Dudly Cullum*, Bart.

Tho. Ruſſel, Eſq; one of the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middleſex*, ſuddenly.

The Rev. *George Wade*, D. D. Vicar of *Gainſborough*, and Prebendary of *Lincoln*.

Eccleſiaſtical PREFERMENTS.

DR. *Green*, inſtalled a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of *Ely*.

Mr. *Sam. Salter*, made a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of *Glouceſter*.

Mr. *John Hoadley*, preſented by his Father, the Bp. of *Wincheſter*, to the Living of *Alresford*, *Hants*; and to a Prebend in the Cathedral of *Wincheſter*.

Mr. *Frederick Williams*, collated to a Prebend in the Cathedral of *Peterborough*.

Mr. *Thomas*, preſented to the Living of *Blechingly*, *Surrey*, in the room of the Rt. Rev. Bp. *Herring*.

PROMOTIONS *Civil* and *Military*.

EARL of *Berkeley* and Col. *Needham* appointed Colonels in the 2d Reg. of Foot Guards.

Robert Sutton, Eſq; and the Hon. Mr. *Cornwallis* made Equerries to the Duke.

Hon. *Felton Hervey*, Eſq; and *Anthony la Melionere*, Eſq; made Grooms of the Bedchamber to the Duke.

Mr. *Holliſter* elected Treaſurer of *Guy*'s Hoſpital.

Counteſs of *Portland* appointed Governeſs to the young Princeſſes.

——— *Leſſingham*, Eſq; choſe Treaſurer of St. *Thomas*'s Hoſpital.

Perſons declar'd BANKRUPTS.

ROBERT *Dobſon*, of *Mark-lane*, *London*, Merchant and Corn Factor.

Thomas Stacy, of *Wydegate-Alley*, *London*, Carpenter.

Thomas Hind, of *Sudbury* in *Suffolk*, Grocer.

Benjamin Dikes, of *Colcheſter*, Tallow-chandler and Cyder-maker.

John Muſton, of *Watton*, in *Norfolk*, Maltſter and Merchant.

Thomas Roſkruge, of St. *Ives*, in *Cornwall*, Mercer.

John Senior, of *Kingſton* upon *Thames*, Maltſter and Chapman.

William Storer, late of *Kidderminſter*, Dyer.

Daniel Adcock, late of *Gretton*, in the County of *Northampton*, Chapman.

Edward Firth, now or late of *Stafford*, Mercer and Jerſey-Comber.

Joſeph Willmote, of St. *Leonard Shoreditch*, Bricklayer and Chapman.

John Playter, of *Kenſington*, Tallow-chandler.

William Scott, of *Thames-ſtreet*, Hair-Seller and Chapman.

Prices of Stocks, &c. towards the End of the Month.

STOCKS.

S. Sea	102	*Afric.*	14
—*Bonds*	2 10	*Royal Aff.*	108 ¼a½
—*Annu.*	110 ¼ a ⅜	*Lon. ditto*	14 ¾ a ⅞
Bank	140 ½	3 *per C. An.*	106 ¼a½
—*Circ.*	15 a 17 6	*Eng. Copper*	2 18
Mil. Bank	123	*Salt Tallies*	1 a 4
India	174 ½	*Emp. Loan*	110 ⅜a½
—*Bonds*	6 14	*Equiv.*	112

The Courſe of EXCHANGE.

Amſt.	34 11 2	*Bilboa*	39 ¼ a ⅜
D. Sight	34 9 ½	*Legborn*	49 ¾
Rotter.	35 1 2½a2	*Genoa*	52 ⅝ a ½
Hamb.	3 11 2a34	*Venice*	50 ⅝
P. Sight	32 ⅛	*Lisb.*	5s 5d ¼
Bourdx.	32	*Oport.*	5s 4d ¾
Cadiz	39 ⅜	*Antw.*	35 4
Madrid	39 ½ a ⅝	*Dublin*	8 ⅞ a 9

Prices of Goods at *Bear-Key*.

Wheat	29 30	*Oates*	11 14
Rye	17 18	*Tares*	22 24
Barley	12 13	*Peaſe*	20 28
H. Beans	20 24	*H. Peaſe*	16 18
P. Malt	22 26	*B. Malt*	16 19

Abſtract of the *London* WEEKLY BILL, from *Dec.* 27. to *Jan.* 24.

Chriſtned	Males 740	Females 691	1431
Buried	Males 1145	Females 1196	2341
Died under 2 Years old			811
Between 2	and 5		162
5	10		67
10	20		63
20	30		198
30	40		246
40	50		243
50	60		199
60	70		166
70	80		133
80	90		42
90	and upwards		11
			2341

Hay 48 to 54*s.* a Load.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BY our laſt Accounts from *Madrid*, we are informed, that the King of *Spain* has ſent an Order to *Cadiz*, to releaſe the three *Engliſh* Ships taken ſome Time ſince in the *Mediterranean* by *Spaniſh* Cruiſers, on pretence of their being ſome *Turkiſh* Merchants, with their Effects on board; and that his Catholick Majeſty has likewiſe ſent an Order to the *Havanna*, to releaſe an *Engliſh* Ship taken in thoſe Seas by one of the *Spaniſh* Guarda Coſtas, on pretence of her having carried on a contraband Trade, providing the Maſter or Owners give Security to pay the Value of the Ship and Cargo, in Caſe it ſhould appear upon the Trial, that the Ship was actually engaged in carrying on a contraband Trade. In both theſe Caſes it is to be hoped, the Captors will be obliged, at leaſt, to make good the full Damages the *Engliſh* Merchants have ſuſtained by Seizing and Detaining their Ships, in Caſe it ſhould appear, that there was no juſt Pretence for the Seizure. In all ſuch Caſes a ſimple Releaſement is not certainly a ſufficient Attonement to the Party injured, becauſe he has an undoubted Right to inſiſt not only upon having his Damages made good, but alſo upon having ſuch a Puniſhment inflicted upon the Offenders, as may deter others from being guilty of the like foul Practices in Time to come. Without ſuch an Attonement, it is impoſſible the *Britiſh* Commerce can be ſafe in any Part of the World where it can be interrupted by a *Spaniſh* Cruizer or Guarda Coſta; for if an Opinion ſhould prevail among the *Spaniards*, that they may ſeize *Engliſh* Ships without any Danger of being puniſhed, or obliged to make good the Damages, in Caſe of an unjuſt Seizure, they will certainly, on ſome Pretence or other, ſeize every *Engliſh* Ship they can make themſelves Maſters of; becauſe by ſo doing they will always have a Chance for being Gainers, without any Hazard of being Loſers; therefore it is not to be doubted but that the *Britiſh* Court will inſiſt upon ſuch an Attonement's being made, in every Caſe where it ſhall appear that any *Britiſh* Subject has been injured by an unjuſt Seizure.

Towards the End of laſt Month, the World was ſurprized with the News of a Marriage being concluded between *Don Carlos*, King of the two *Sicilies*, and the Princeſs Royal of *Poland*, born at *Dreſden*, *Sept.* 13, O. S. 1724. This Marriage is by ſome aſcribed to a political View; and that it is to be the Baſis of a new Treaty between the Courts of *Vienna*, *Madrid*, and *Naples*; by which the Emperor

is to be powerfully aſſiſted in his War againſt the *Turks*: But others aſcribe it to Love only, by telling us, that the Queen of *Spain* having ſent for the Pictures of four Princeſſes, qualified by their Age and Birth to marry the King her Son, cauſed them to be put up in his Cloſet, when he was out a Hunting; and that upon his Return, he immediately took Notice of the four new Pictures put up in his Cloſet; whereupon one of his Miniſters, entruſted by the Queen of *Spain* for that Purpoſe, aſked him, Which of thoſe four young Ladies he thought the handſomeſt, without telling him who the Originals were? The young Monarch upon this fix'd his Eye upon the Picture of the Princeſs Royal of *Poland*, and ſaid, were he to take his Choice, the Lady whoſe Picture that was, ſhould be a Wife for him. Then ſays the Miniſter, *If your Majeſty pleaſes to turn to the back Side of the Picture, you'll ſee whoſe it is.* Whereupon he eagerly turned the back Side, and upon finding *Mary-Amelia* Princeſs Royal of *Poland* wrote upon it, he preſently ſaid, *She ſhall be my Queen, and this Inſtant I'll write my Mind to the King my Father, and the Queen my Mother.*

From ſome late Accounts, there ſeems to be Ground to believe that a new Congreſs will ſpeedily be held for reſtoring Peace between the *Ottoman* Empire and the Empires of *Germany* and *Ruſſia*; for from *Peterſburgh* we hear, that Mr. *Rondeau*, the *Britiſh* Miniſter, and Mr. *Zwart*, the *Dutch* Miniſter, at that Court, have, with the *Czarina*'s Leave, wrote reſpectively to Sir *Everard Fawkener*, Ambaſſador from the King of *Great Britain*, and Mr. *Kalkoen*, Ambaſſador from the States General of the United Provinces, to the *Ottoman* Porte, that the Empreſs of *Ruſſia* has accepted the Mediation of his *Britannick* Majeſty and their High-Mightineſſes, in Conjunction with that of *France*, for bringing about a Peace. And from *Conſtantinople* we hear, that the Marquis *de Villeneuve*, the *French* Ambaſſador at the *Porte*, together with the ſaid Sir *Everard Fawkener* and Mr. *Kalkoen*, have had a Conference with the *Kamaikan*, at which he declared to them, that the Grand Signior had accepted the Mediation of *France*, *Great Britain*, and *Holland*, for bringing about an Accommodation between his Sublime Highneſs, and the Powers he was then at War with.

The ill Succeſs of the *Turks* in their late Attempt upon *Ockzakow*, of which we gave an Account in our laſt, may probably contribute a good deal to the Succeſs of this Mediation; and now it appears, that the precipitate Retreat of the *Turkiſh* Army from before that Place, was owing, as we then conjectured, to a falſe Alarm; for by Letters from *Conſtantinople* we have been ſince informed, that the Baſhaw of *Bendar*, who commanded at that Siege, endeavours to excuſe his ill Succeſs and haſty Retreat, by ſaying, he received Advice from very good Hands, as he had Reaſon to believe, that, the *Ruſſian* Army was advancing, by long Marches to the Relief of the Town, and that they had even approached ſo near, that he was in great Danger of having his Retreat cut off. This Excuſe however, 'tis thought, will not ſave his Head, the rather becauſe, the People murmur extremely at his having been entruſted with the Command and Direction of that Siege, inſtead of Count *Bonneval*, who was at firſt deſign'd, and who would certainly have been appointed, if this Baſhaw had not very unwiſely made uſe of all his Intereſt in the *Seraglio*, to obtain this Command.

It would ſeem, either that the *French* are not ſerious in their Deſign of aſſiſting the *Genoeſe* to reduce the Iſland of *Corſica*, or that the Malecontents of that Iſland are mad; for they ſeem to be ſo little afraid of being again reduced under the Power of the *Genoeſe*, that having lately taken a Felucca with 22 Men on board, belonging to the *Genoeſe*, they hung them all up, in Sight of the Gariſon of *Baſtia*, in Revenge for the *Genoeſe* having lately hanged ſome of their Men: And in a General Aſſembly held upon the News of the *French* Deſign againſt them, they unanimouſly renewed their Oath to King *Theodore*, and reſolved to be faithful to him, to the very laſt Drop of their Blood.

As an Encouragement for Proteſtants to be zealous and active in favour of the Emperor againſt the *Turks*, the Cardinal *de Collonitz*, Archbiſhop of *Vienna*, has lately preſented a Memorial to his Imperial Majeſty, with a Scheme for preventing the Increaſe of the Proteſtant Religion in his Hereditary Dominions.

The Monthly Catalogue *for* January, 1738.

CLASSICAL.

1. PUBLII Terentii Afri Comœdiæ, Phædri Fabulæ Æſopiæ, Publii Syri, & aliorum Veterum Sententiæ, ex Recenſione & cum Notis Richardi Bentleii. Apud J. & P. Knapton, 4to, pr. 12*s.* 6*d.*

2. L. A. Flori Rerum Romanarum Epitome: Or, An Abridgment of the *Roman* Hiſtory of *Lucius Florus*. By *J. Stirling*, M. A. Sold by *T. Aſtley*, price bound 3*s.* Of whom may be had his other Books, in the Catalogue for *December*.

ENTERTAINMENT *and* POETRY.

3. The Works of Mr. *Thompſon*, Vol. II. Printed for *A. Millar*, in 4to, pr. 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

4. The

4. The Farmer's Daughter; with Cuts. Printed for *J. Torbuck*, price 1*s*.

5. Love attones for little Crimes. Printed for *J. Torbuck*, price 6*d*.

6. *Guido*'s Ghoſt: A Tale. Printed for *J. Brindley*, price 6*d*.

* 7. The Hiſtory of *Gil Blaſs* of *Santillane*. In 3 Vols. 12mo; the 4th Edition. Printed for Meſſ. *Tonſon*, price 9*s*.

8. The Dream: A Poem. Printed for *J. Roberts*, price 4*d*.

9. The ſixth Epiſtle of the firſt Book of *Horace* imitated. By Mr. *Pope*. Printed for Meſſ. *Gilliver* and *Clarke*, price 1*s*.

10. On the Queen's Sickneſs. Printed for *T. Cooper*, price 6*d*.

11. The Myſteries of Love reveal'd. Printed for *W. Lloyd*, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

HISTORICAL.

12. The *German* Spy, in familiar Letters from *Munſter*, *Paderborn*, *Oſnabrug*, &c. With a Prefatory Account of theſe Letters, and Explanatory Notes. By *T. Lediard*, Eſq; Printed for *J. Bailey*, 8vo, price 5*s*.

13. The Memoirs of the Baron *de Polinitz*, Vol. III. and IV. Printed for *D. Browne*, and *J. Brindley*, 8vo, price 10*s*.

14. A faithful Narrative of the Capture of the Ship *Derby*. Printed for *S. Oſborne*, price 2*s*. 6*d*.

15. A chronological Hiſtory of *New-England*. By *T. Prince*, M. A. Sold by *T. Longman*, 8vo, price 4*s*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

16. The Book of Religion, Ceremonies and Prayers of the *Jews*. By *G. B. Pedabzur*, Gent. Printed for *J. Wilcox*, 8vo, price 4*s*.

17. The Converſation of Gentlemen conſider'd in moſt of the Ways that make their mutual Company agreeable, or diſagreeable. Sold by Meſſ. *Betteſworth* and *Hitch*, and *Cox*, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

18. An Account of the Tickets entitled to Benefits in the Bridge-Lottery for 700,000 *l*. Printed for *R. Sbergold*.

19. A Reply to the Further Enquiry into the Meaning of the Demoniacks in the New Teſtament. Printed for *J. Roberts*, pr. 1*s*. 6*d*.

20. A Defence of the Examination of the Quakers Proſecutions. Printed for *J. Roberts*, price 1*s*.

21. Epitaphium Reginæ Carolinæ. Printed for *T. Cooper*, price 6*d*.

* 22. A Diſſuaſive from entering into Holy Orders. The 3d Edition. Printed for *T. Cooper*, price 1*s*.

23. A Treatiſe on the Non-Naturals. By *John Burton*, of *York*, M. D. Cantab. M. D. Rhem. Sold by Meſſ. *Rivington*, *Ware*, and *Hodges*, 8vo, price 5*s*.

* 24. The Religion of Nature delineated; the 6th Edition, with a Preface giving an Account of the Life of the Author. Printed for Meſſ. *Knapton*, 4to, pr. 6*s*. 6*d*. *N. B.* The Preface may be had alone by the former Purchaſers.

POLITICAL.

25. Reaſons for a Law, to oblige ſpiritual Perſons and Bodies Politick, to renew their Leaſes for cuſtomary and reaſonable Fines. Printed for *J. Roberts*, price 6*d*.

26. Areopagitica: Or, A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicens'd Printing. The Author *J. Milton*. Printed for *A. Millar*, price 1*s*.

* 27. The Trial of *J. P. Zenger*, of *New-York*, Printer. The 2d Edit. Printed for *J. Wilford*, price 1*s*.

28. Remarks on the Trial of *J. P. Zenger*. Printed for *J. Roberts*, price 1*s*.

SERMONS.

29. A Sermon occaſion'd by the Death of our late Gracious Q. *Caroline*. By *W. Crowe*, D. D. Printed for *J. Clarke*, price 6*d*.

30. A Sermon preach'd at *Kew-Chapel*; occaſioned by the Death of the Queen. By *T. Morell*, A. M. Printed for *T. Cooper*, pr. 6*d*.

31. A Sermon upon the Death of the Queen. By *J. Dickenſon*, M. A. Printed for *J. Noon*, price 6*d*.

32. A Sermon preach'd in the *Charter-Houſe Chapel*. By *W. Saliſbury*, B. D. Printed for Meſſ. *Motte* and *Bathurſt*, price 6*d*.

33. A Sermon preach'd in the *Tower-Chapel*. By *T. Broughton*, A. B. Printed for *C. Rivington*, price 6*d*.

34. A Sermon preach'd in *Gravel Lane*. By *J. Denham*. Printed for *R. Ford*, price 6*d*.

35. A Sermon in Commemoration of the Great-Storm, *Nov.* 27, 1703. By *J. Stennett*. Printed for *A. Ward*, price 6*d*.

THEOLOGICAL.

36. The Rubrick of the Church of *England* examined and conſidered; and its Uſe and Obſervance moſt earneſtly recommended to all its Members, according to the Intent and Meaning of it. Printed for *T. Aſtley*, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

37. Some additional Letters to the Rev. Mr. *Jackſon*, from *William Dudgeon*, a Gentleman in *Berwickſhire*, with Mr. *Jackſon*'s Anſwers to them, concerning God's Moral Government of the World. Printed for Meſſ. *Knapton*, price 1*s*.

38. The modern Chriſtian. Printed for *J. Roberts*, price 1*s*.

* 39. A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament. The 4th Edition, in 12mo. Printed for Meſſ. *Knapton*, pr. 1*s*. 6*d*. Sheep; in Calf 2*s*.

* 40. A Letter to the Congregation of Proteſtant Diſſenters at *Hackney*, amongſt whom the Author now ſtatedly miniſters. By *P. Gibbs*. The 3d Edition. Printed for *T. Cox*, price 6*d*. *N. B.* The Congregation on Account of the ſaid Letter have put a Negative on the Author's preaching to them for the future, and have alſo deſir'd him *peaceably* to withdraw from their Communion.